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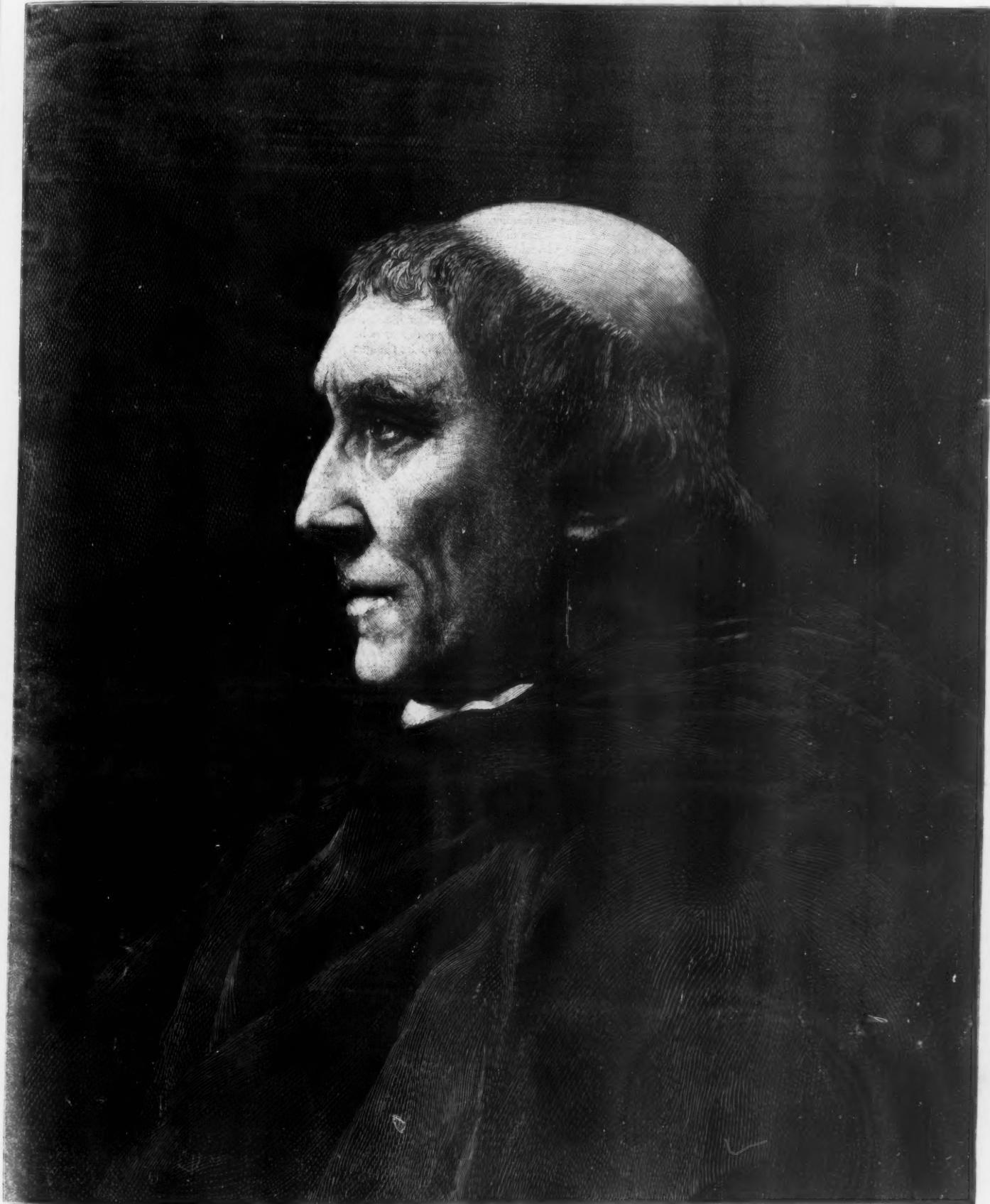
# ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 18, 1893.

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## AN UNUSUAL OFF YEAR.

THE fall elections in several important States, though none of them were national elections, have nevertheless an unusual significance as indications of the trend of public opinion on national issues. Iowa, by over thirty thousand majority, elected JACKSON, Republican, over Governor BOIES, who was at one time a popular representative of the tariff reform idea in the Hawkeye State. Massachusetts elected GREENHALGE, Republican, over Hon. J. E. RUSSELL, Democrat. Both of these States have been in the doubtful column for several years, in State elections, owing to the immense popularity of Governors BOIES and W. E. RUSSELL. MCKINLEY was re-elected Governor of Ohio by a majority exceeding seventy-five thousand. The Republican State ticket was elected in New York, and the Legislature is once more Republican in both branches. The New Jersey Legislature is also Republican, for the first time in many years. Pennsylvania shows increased Republican majorities. Chicago and Cook County have gone Republican. Local and legislative elections in Kentucky and Maryland show very marked apathy on the part of Democratic voters, though resulting in Democratic victory. The Gubernatorial election in Virginia was mainly a contest between Populists and Democrats, in which the latter triumphed.

There is much difference of opinion as to the causes that led to the sudden revulsion in favor of the Republican party after the very emphatic verdict against it in 1890 and 1892. In Iowa it is generally believed that BOIES very reluctantly became a candidate for re-election. There is but one issue on which that State, so largely agricultural, so eminently enlightened and so thoroughly American, could change permanently to the Democratic column, and that issue is tariff reform. Under the leadership of BOIES, Iowa was becoming doubtful, and was gradually being brought to give a respectful hearing to that reform. The defeat of the popular favorite, at a time when a tariff reform bill is in course of preparation by the Ways and Means Committee of the House, would seem to indicate the decline of both in popular favor there.

The idle mills and factories of Massachusetts are probably sufficient to account for the loss of the State government to the Democrats. President CLEVELAND has shown special favor in many instances to the young Democracy of the Bay State, and there is no doubt that on the alleged "sound money" issue the Administration at Washington has the endorsement of the large majority of the people of the State. The retirement of Governor WILLIAM E. RUSSELL from the contest may have influenced the result to some extent; but it is more probable that, as in Iowa, the intelligent voters of the State had serious doubts as to the advisability of promised tariff revision, and took this method of recording their protest against any serious disturbance of the McKinley Law.

The Republican victory in the New York State election was a very emphatic protest against the nomination of Judge MAYNARD, against whom political sharp practice was proved, for the high position of judge of the Court of Appeals. The sweeping Republican victory in Brooklyn was largely local. The fine weather brought out a heavy country vote throughout the Republican counties of the State. The defeat of the Democrats in Buffalo and Erie County has been ascribed to the unpopular methods of that part of the State machine, which is run by Lieutenant-Governor SHEEHAN. But,

aside from all these influences, the depression of manufactures and commerce seems to have caused unusual Democratic losses and Republican gains in the manufacturing centers outside of the city of New York, which gave the State ticket, excepting MAYNARD, a majority of over sixty-seven thousand. This large majority in the metropolis, in a year when the Democratic State machine, including Tammany Hall, was under the fierce fire of Republicans, Independents, anti-MAYNARD Democrats, the metropolitan Bar and an overwhelming majority of the State and metropolitan press, can be accounted for only by the phenomenal organization of Tammany. If the city of New York be eliminated from the calculation, it would seem that the State of New York, including Brooklyn and Buffalo, had some dread of the promised tariff revision.

The Legislature of New Jersey is Republican—Republican in both branches. If New Jersey did not heed the hard times or the danger of tariff revision, it was because she had a more immediate issue to decide: whether the rings and race-track magnates on both sides of the State should rule both sides and the middle, too. Well, the race-tracks and gamblers have been thoroughly routed—if that was all New Jersey was after. But it must be noted: if it were a question merely between the rings and the race-tracks and the law-and-order people, everybody who knows the great little State knows that it would have been a very close contest, whereas it was, in fact, a veritable landslide from Hoboken to Camden—and New Jersey could not afford a very considerable landslide even to dump the rings and the race-track magnates. No; it must have been the fear of tariff revision, for New Jersey is a leading manufacturing State, as well as the home of all-year-round racing that costs money.

The elections in Kentucky, Maryland and Virginia are not specially significant; the element of doubt being absent, the game of politics was not keenly contested, and general apathy was in charge of the scarcely embattled hosts. Our neighbors can never expect the full benefit of real, live politics until they learn to stray occasionally, like Iowa, Massachusetts, New York and Ohio, into the doubtful pasture. If politics is worth having and playing at, let it be alive, and let the game be worth the cost of the incandescents.

The victory of Judge GARY, on the Republican ticket, in Chicago, in the face of the open opposition of Governor ALTGELD of Illinois, and despite the heavy Democratic majority carried over from the Presidential election, is matter for universal congratulation. It is now settled that the people of Chicago and Cook County do not think Judge GARY was too severe in the historic Anarchist trials.

The Ohio election, for an off year, is strikingly significant, from a national point of view. The issue was squarely joined: it was the McKinley Tariff against a tariff for revenue only. Governor MCKINLEY and his opponent, Hon. LAWRENCE T. NEAL, made a thorough canvass of the State, addressing the same audiences and presenting their respective sides with much ability and under the most favorable circumstances. Business and industrial depression was felt in Ohio, perhaps, more keenly than in any other State of the Union. If Governor MCKINLEY could point to the closed mills and factories as the first premonitory symptom of what would happen under free trade or a purely revenue tariff, the Hon. LAWRENCE T. NEAL could point to the multi-millionaires whose lot was, even in these idle times, so much more blessed than their idle and hungry employees—could, in point of fact, show them "object lessons" of how the protective tariff enriched a few manufacturers while the many tramped and starved in enforced idleness, and how the farmer paid the "tariff tax," in any case, and was not in the scheme at all. We judge from a few of their speeches that came to our notice, that Governor MCKINLEY put up the standard protectionist argument in many and varied attractive settings; also that the Hon. LAWRENCE T. NEAL presented his side of the case with the most approved arguments and the most fetching illustrations. It seemed for a time that the Democratic candidate had a decided advantage. The reader may not absolutely condemn the Hon. LAWRENCE T. NEAL for using this advantage so often and so unreservedly as he did; but it did not seem to us to be just the thing at the time and under the circumstances. The advantage referred to was this: There was much suffering and destitution—perhaps some despair—among the unemployed in the great Buckeye manufacturing centers; and everybody knows that picturing to such men the comparative luxury of their late employers was neither an argument nor a wise, patriotic or statesmanlike procedure on the part of a candidate for Governor of a great industrial State. Yet this is what the Hon. LAWRENCE T. NEAL persistently did—this is the unfair, non-argumentative advantage we refer to. But how surprising is the answer of the unemployed: more than seventy-five thousand majority for MCKINLEY, and the forcing of that hard-working statesman to the front as Republican candidate for President in 1896.

It must be conceded, we hold, that the elections this fall are to some extent an indication of popular sentiment on the great questions that the recent hard times have brought home to all those who had votes to cast.

It is certain the Socialistic sentiment, that is sometimes fostered by hard times, has received its death-blow in Ohio. The great army of intelligent workmen have apparently reasoned, in that progressive and good-natured State, that if manufacturers' hands are tied by unfavorable legislation or by threatened obstacles to successful industrial development, workmen's best interests are also involved. Abundance of capital, sound coinage, and economic theories are neither here nor there if the wheels of industry are blocked. There is a firm conviction in the mind of the reasonable voter—who is for the United States against the world, first, last and all the time—that the American manufacturer, even if he is a millionaire, will make money if he can. Mills, factories, furnaces, mines will not be closed to eat up the capital invested, if they can be operated so as to pay interest on it. The result of this sound conviction is, that there is an *entente cordiale* between the idle millionaire manufacturer and the idle workman who is willing to take care of himself if he has a chance. The latter knows that when the pursestrings of the former are loosened, times are good and wages can be earned. If threatened legislation keeps the manufacturers in a state of uncertainty, that legislation must not be tried. In view of this condition that confronts us, of what pertinency are all or any fine-spun theories?

It is not to be supposed that the protective tariff, under which the people have lived for over a quarter of a century, will be lightly abandoned by them. Even if the protective system has led to the upbuilding of monster enterprises and has made millionaires and multimillionaires, it does not seem that the great middle classes and laboring classes of workmen in this country will regard that fact as sufficient ground for the abolition of such system. Under the surface of the recent political disturbance some such undercurrent of potent conviction has been active, and it is a cheerful omen of future national greatness that such has been the fact.

## BAD FOR HORNBLOWER.

MR. HORNBLOWER of New York is an able, upright lawyer, in the prime of life, and a jurist of deep erudition. He was nominated by President CLEVELAND as an Associate-Judge of the Supreme Court; but the Senate went home to vote without confirming the nomination. The election "passed off quietly," as we used to say up in Pulaski County on rainy days after town-meeting. Nobody suspected that anything particular was hanging over the head of the Hon. Mr. HORNBLOWER.

But how very unprophetic is the average soul! The London *Times* announced next day after the landslide in New Jersey and the upthrust of the Brooklyn boulders that, in view of the elections, Mr. CLEVELAND would probably discard Mr. HORNBLOWER. If the *Times* enjoys the confidence of the Administration at present as intimately as it sympathized with the Administration during the silver struggle, this is bad news for Mr. HORNBLOWER. Let us hope the *Times* is out of joint.

## THE DORÉ GALLERY.

THERE are many persons in New York who have not yet visited the great collection of pictures known as the Doré Gallery. We urge all such to repair the omission as soon as possible. While these vast paintings may, perhaps, lack the fine artistic qualities of the works of the greater masters, yet they have a character and a meaning which must always lend them a powerful interest and influence. The most solemn and thrilling scenes from the New Testament are here depicted on a scale of grandeur and with an intensity of feeling which bring home their significance to the spectator as no printed or spoken word may ever hope to do. It is undoubtedly a hazardous experiment to attempt an interpretation of the personality of Christ; but though the hypercritical may regard DORE's canvases unmoved, the majority of those who study his work will carry away from it a vivid realization of scenes hitherto only vaguely imagined, and be filled with lowly reverence for the One who forms the central figure of the pictures.

Besides religious subjects, DORE has essayed, perhaps even more successfully, some themes of history and romance. His "Andromeda," a pendant to "Francesca da Rimini," is a fascinating study of a helpless and beautiful woman. A very pleasant and profitable day may be spent among these noble works.

## BLOCK SIGNALS.

THE American Railway Association met in New York November 9, not for the purpose of adopting any particular block signal system now in use, but to consider certain features and appliances that are likely to make a perfect system of safeguards for life and property on the rail. The automatic block system that will always work is perhaps unattainable. It is not conceivable that any mechanism can be contrived by human ingenuity or put together by the finest precision which will be always and under all circumstances infallible. But the responsible managers of railways and the expert specialists whom they can and doubtless will employ, may be relied upon to provide something in this line as nearly perfect as possible. The railroad traffic of the Columbian year has emphasized the necessity of improvement with such an accumulation of disasters that

the humane and really public-spirited managers of American railroads cannot rest until the best that can be done is done.

But it must not be forgotten that these modern automatic safeguards of railroad traffic and travel are but dead lifeless matter after all. Towermen, switchmen, telegraphers and electric alarms are only mortal. Absolute unwavering attention to the automatic mechanism of these appliances of safety cannot be relied upon when one's mind is on guard. Many an accident on railroads might have been prevented if one man had not been compelled by force of circumstances to do more work in the twenty-four hours than any man can safely be intrusted with, when human lives are in question. In the crowded suburban passenger traffic of our great cities, all towers, signal-stations, dangerous switches, cross-overs and drawbridges should be guarded invariably by two men, both on duty and charged with an equal responsibility for the faithful performance of one simple, plain, inexorable work—Watch and be always sure. Two heads are better than one, especially if one falls asleep or goes wool-gathering.

THE Republicans of Essex County, New Jersey, obtained through the Supreme Court last week a decision in the mandamus case brought by the Essex County Republican Committee, through Charles B. Morris, to test the constitutionality of the gerrymander of the Assembly districts. Justice Depue delivered the opinion which grants the relief asked for by the relators, and virtually declares the recent legislative gerrymandering unconstitutional. The suit was brought against James T. Wrightson, County Clerk of Essex, and the various township clerks in the county to compel them to allow the citizens in the entire county to vote on all the candidates for the General Assembly. The relators claimed that the dividing of the county into districts was unfair, as it gave the smaller districts as great a representation as the larger ones. The next Legislature will be Republican, but the Democrats will prefer an election hereafter by counties rather than by a Republican gerrymander, and if the Democrats carry the case to the Court of Errors and Appeals the decision might be reversed. There is much discussion in New Jersey as to how the matter will turn out, and the whole country will watch the New Jersey case with interest. It is time we had a definite and well-grounded judicial decision on the general subject of gerrymandering.

HAMMOND MORRILL is a locomotive engineer in the employ of the New Haven Railroad, at Middletown, Conn. Miss Lillian Prior is nineteen years old and pretty. She is the only daughter of Henry Prior, a wealthy and eccentric citizen of Cromwell. Morrill made the acquaintance of Miss Prior about a year ago. Mr. Prior forbade Morrill calling on his daughter. He also threatened to cut off his daughter with the traditional shilling if she had anything to do with Morrill. Notwithstanding the orders of her parents Miss Lillian continued to meet Morrill in secret. About two weeks ago her father discovered the meeting place and attempted to use force on the young man. The result was that the young people decided to get married. Last week Miss Prior left home to visit relatives in Springfield. She was joined there by Morrill and the two were married. The couple returned to the parental roof to ask forgiveness. The bride's father has received her but has forbade her living with her husband. Mr. Prior refuses to let Mr. Morrill see his wife or enter the house.

THE "low-water mark" of the net available balance of the United States Treasury was reached November 9, when the total stood at \$99,908,242, of which \$84,656,412 was the gold reserve. It was said at the department that no orders for the coining of the silver bullion in the Treasury have yet been issued, but they are expected at any time. The low state of the Treasury's available cash has given rise to fresh rumors of new means to be devised for replenishing the gold reserve. It is said at the Treasury Department, however, that, other than the coinage of the bullion above referred to, Secretary Carlisle has no immediate steps in contemplation involving a change in the fiscal policy of the Government. There is said to be no disposition to issue bonds before the meeting of Congress, when the views of the President will be set forth in his message. It is well the regular session of Congress is but a few weeks in the future. By the way, has the silver question been settled by the repeal of the Sherman Law?

A DISPATCH from Fort Victoria says Dr. Jameson telegraphed to Premier Rhodes, from Buluwayo, at noon on November 1 that the Matabeles, seven thousand strong, had attacked the colonists' forces, but were routed in an hour. The British loss was three killed and seven wounded. The British column arrived at Buluwayo November 2, the Matabeles having evacuated that place on October 23. King Lobengula fled to Shilos, leaving orders that, in case of a complete defeat, the town and all the royal kraals were to be burned. This was done, and seven thousand Martinez rifle cartridges and twenty-five hundred pounds of powder were blown up on the approach of the British forces. But later advices indicate that King Lobengula is not through with Premier Rhodes. Cape Town yet. The savage king is very troublesome, and the Boers of South Africa, who have given the British trouble before, seem to be helping the Matabeles.

ACCORDING to Judge Tuley, who granted Mrs. Ella F. Quackenboss a divorce at Chicago last week, no woman can suffer the cruelty she suffered from a husband. The husband, William, was in good circumstances. He became angered at all his wife's relatives and friends, banished them out and sent all the wedding presents back. He made his wife walk fifteen miles a day for her health, take care of two horses and do the housework. If she did not meet him at the door every night and say, "Will-

iam, I am so glad you came home; let me kiss you," he locked her in a room and fed her on bread and water. He kept her locked up eleven days at one time and eight at another for this. He stuffed clothes in the baby's mouth every time it cried, and when Mrs. Quackenboss wept and sobbed he counted the sobs and made her stay in bed a day for every sob. One time she was a prisoner in bed for ten days on account of sobs.

JUST a quiet, unpretentious divorce, no scandal, no cable dispatches, no going upon the stage—how dull and tiresome, to be sure. Gilman S. Moulton, a member of the Union League and other New York clubs, was granted a divorce at Fargo, N. D., November 9. He was married in Paris, to a widow of Philadelphia, April 26, 1898. They returned to New York immediately and took up a residence in a fashionable part of the city. Five months after the wedding the wife left her husband. Mr. Moulton, according to the evidence, three times attempted to effect a reconciliation but failed, and Mrs. Moulton returned to Paris, where she has since resided. Mr. Moulton attempted to get a divorce in New York and failed. Then he tried Vermont, with no better result. He went to Fargo, May 11, 1893. The divorce was granted on the ground of desertion, the plaintiff proving that the defendant left him twenty-five years ago.

A REAR-END collision, with fatal results, took place on the Rock Island Railroad at Eggleston, Ill., on the night of the 8th inst. Four were killed outright and thirty-three injured. Of the injured, three died next day. Malcolm Latham, twelve years of age, died at his home from the scalding he received. An unknown man, who was burned beyond recognition and was taken to a house near the scene of the accident, and Edward F. Grady, who was taken to Mercy Hospital, also died. Flagman D. D. Ortmann is under arrest for causing the wreck, and officers of the road have refused to bail him. It is said he did not display the proper lights. William Gelskin, a stylishly dressed young man, was arrested to-day, charged with robbing the bodies of the victims of the wreck. The prisoner denies his guilt and claims to be a railroad man.

It is said President Cleveland does not intend to give aid or comfort to the Provisional Government of Hawaii, and that Queen Liliuokalani will at once begin to rule over her loving subjects. That does not mean that the Administration will restore the Queen to the throne. The Provisional Government and the Royalists will be allowed to fight it out. That is right. The best information is to the effect that, if this is done, the Provisional Government will easily win. But if the United States should find that other governments are opposing the Provisional Government because they are Americans, does the Administration intend to keep up the policy of non-intervention? This is a vital question, and the people of this country would like to hear something official in reply to it.

THE Navy Department was disturbed last week over the reports that Admiral Mello had resumed the bombardment of Rio. The officials are chiefly interested to know if Mello is violating the compact made several weeks ago with representatives of foreign powers, a copy of which was transmitted lately by Captain Picking. It was agreed to by all the naval powers except Germany at a meeting held on the flagship of the French admiral, the senior naval officer in Rio. This agreement included Mello's pledge not to fire upon the town, Peixoto's counter-pledge to dismount all guns in Rio and a promise that if Mello bombarded the city, without being fired upon by Peixoto from the city, foreign warships (except Germany's) would compel him to desist.

THE attention of the Messrs. Cramp, ship builders of Philadelphia, was called to the statement that the new armored cruiser *New York* has been so badly constructed as to prevent her entering any dry dock in the United States and that she must be sent abroad for inspection. They declare the story to be without foundation in fact, as the big cruiser has been on the dry dock at League Island several times, and that the dry dock at the New York Navy Yard can readily accommodate her. Mr. Nixon, the superintendent of construction for the Cramps, said, "The reports emanate from England. The English seek to decry the new navy and are doing everything to injure it. There is absolutely no truth in the reports that she is unseaworthy."

THE army of workmen engaged on the Point Judith breakwater near Stonington, Conn., is making good progress on this difficult and remarkable piece of engineering. Up to the present time nearly fifteen thousand tons of stone have been placed in position, and the wings of the great breakwater are beginning to assume tangible form. The difficulties attending the construction of the breakwater are numerous. All stone has to be of certain weight and carefully prepared. It is blasted and shaped in the Hazard quarries, west of Narragansett Bay, and has to be towed down on scows, a distance of twelve miles.

THE *Grashdanin*, organ of the Russian court at St. Petersburg, in a special article upon the European situation, recognizes the fact that a general disarmament is impossible and that a European war is inevitable. This war is the most inevitable war on record. But this time England is said to be alarmed. The next thing, stock gamblers on the European and Wall Street exchanges will make some money. That has been the principal occupation of the European armaments for several years—that and making faces at one another, and paying spiteful visits, like the old-time sewing-circle.

LEVI T. GRIFFIN, Democrat, is elected to fill the vac-

ancy caused by the death of Congressman Chipman of the First District, Mich., by a plurality of seventeen hundred. The choice of Mr. Griffin is a notably good one, and he will be a worthy successor of the lamented Judge Chipman, whose ability and sterling integrity should long ago have made him a shining light among the distinguished public men of the nation. In this most worthy ambition, whose fulfillment was denied to the late Judge Chipman,

there is a bright prospect that Hon. Levi T. Griffin will succeed.

THE United States Government has been asked to send back a number of aliens who claim they have been made paupers by the hard times. But what will the poor non-alien do? He has no home to go to but this. Alack, and alack-a-day. But it really is too bad to take so many aliens from their pleasant homes over yonder, and make paupers out of them in this blessed country. If they cannot stand the pressure like the rest of us, perhaps they had better be sent home.

GOVERNOR TILLMAN of South Carolina, on the 9th inst., headed a posse of fifteen armed penitentiary guards and attempted to arrest sellers of rice beer on the State Fair grounds at Columbia. He ordered the guards to shoot if necessary. The beer sellers defied the Governor and guards and threatened to shoot down the first man who laid hands on them. They continued selling beer amid great excitement. The Governor finally withdrew with his guards.

ARCHDUKE RUDOLPH, heir apparent to the Austrian throne, committed suicide January 30, 1889, after fatally shooting the Countess Vetsera, with whom he was infatuated. Archduchess Stephanie, his widow, is the second daughter of the King of the Belgians and has a daughter ten years old. Archduke Ferdinand is of the House of Hapsburg and may succeed Emperor Francis Joseph. The two will shortly be married.

THE Moorish Foreign Minister, it is announced, has handed to the Spanish Minister at Tangier a note from the Sultan of Morocco promising full indemnity to Spain and the punishment of the Riff tribesmen. The Sultan adds that a strong force of cavalry is being organized to march on Melilla. He says he has ordered the Riff tribesmen to prevent hostilities. The reply of the Riffs is not expected to be rifles; but it may be.

THE Government of San Salvador intends soon to appoint commissioners to visit the United States to endeavor to secure colonists, and also bring about closer trade relations. It is hoped that they will find a market for the republic's entire coffee crop in New York. The coffee grounds of San Salvador may be quieted down with an egg-shell; but her revolutions are quite another matter.

THE boiler explosion at St. Anne Dusault, Canada, appears to have been more disastrous than at first reported, and three men instead of one have perished. Olivier Goupin, who owned the mill, was one of these.

WADE H. BILLINGSLEY, a student at Bethany College, West Virginia, and son of J. K. Billingsley, of California, Pa., while celebrating the Republican victory was killed by the explosion of a powder charged anvil.

FLYING JIB and Directum attempted to beat the Nancy Hanks trotting record at Hartford, November 9, the former trotting in 2:06½, the latter in 2:08. Nancy Hanks is still there.

MRS. HANNAH TOOLE and daughter, of South Boston, Mass., were poisoned, and another daughter and two sons were arrested last week for their murder.

A COMPANY is incorporated at Albany to generate electric power from the Niagara Falls Company and try it on the canal in Monroe County, New York.

INDIA is ripe for an outbreak again. British rule, in consequence of the action of the Indian Council in the matter of silver coinage.

A LOCK of hair clutched in the hand of murdered Anna Weiss, of Marshalltown, Ia., led to the arrest of Mrs. Emily Bennett, as her murderer.

A BOSTON copper dealer says some sort of a copper syndicate is being formed—presumably to corner the copper of the country.

GAS motor explosions set fire to Chicago street railway barns on the 9th, causing one hundred thousand dollars loss.

THE Siberian convicts landed at San Francisco are said to be felons, and as such may be excluded.

FOUR Hocking Valley train hands were killed in a collision near Rising Sun, O., on the 9th.

#### A HOMELY, PLEASANT STORY.

"The Adventures of an Ugly Girl" does not necessarily imply that the heroine is really ugly. Indeed our heroine is decidedly and unmistakably a very nice girl. She comes out ahead—which never can be said of a really ugly girl, you know. This particular story is so full of charming persons besides the "ugly" heroine; so replete with homelike pictures of scenes that all will appreciate; so amusing, pathetic, picturesque and altogether out of the beaten path of conventional fiction; so modern and up-to-date; so thoroughly true to nature and kindly and human in all its details of plot and character-sketching, that you positively cannot, if you like a rare good story, afford to miss this charming picture of English life. It is mailed to all regular subscribers with Vol. XII, No. 6, of ONCE A WEEK.

#### THE ROMANTIC DRAMA AT NIBLO'S.

"OLAF," at Niblo's Garden, under the direction of the Rosenthal, was very successfully presented last week with Miss Minnie Seligman and Messrs. Hanford, Thalberg and George Fawcett in the principal roles. The acting, generally—if we except Miss Burg as Rita, who was rather too stout and too fantastic as my lady's maid—was all that could be desired. But we would suggest that the scenery, albeit very picturesque, was hardly suitable for the period in which the incidents of the play were supposed to have occurred. King Marbod's Palace was too splendid and Moresque to be correct, and the Throne Room might have been copied from St. George's Chapel at Windsor. But in spite of these anachronisms the play was most enjoyable, and the translators deserve credit for the smart rendering of the original German into English.





THE CANDY EXPOSITION AND THE FLOWER SHOW, NEW YORK.

(See pages 14-15.)

(Specially drawn for ONCE A WEEK by BENGOUGH.)

## THE HORSE SHOW.



THE annual Horse Show, during its nine years of existence, has come to be so favored of society people that its original title has wellnigh slipped from it. As it makes its annual bow it now stands in the minds, if not in the mouths, of all as New York City's annual Beauty Show! Once a year, at this time, all New York, including both the millionaires and the class known as "the people," come together; the former to see and be seen, and the latter to fulfill only the first part of the dual rôle. The millionaires come to visit with each other and to view their own horses, to see how they look alongside of other people's horses. "The people" come to see the millionaire and, incidentally, to observe the horse-flesh which belongs to him, and to admiringly contemplate his family circle as it gathers around him in his family box. This is absolutely the only time in the year when the millionaire permits himself and his family to be viewed at short range. And it is the only time in their lives when budding debutantes and tender children, who are being cherished for the millions they must one day enjoy, are ever brought out for a glimpse of the real world—the world of which they know nothing, save as peeps of it are obtained through the lace curtains of Fifth Avenue windows and from the silk-hung openings of special cars and private yachts.

That the millionaire and his family appreciate the interest they create is shown by the respectful attitude they bear toward people and things—by their good clothes, their jewels, their democracy in elbowing their own way through the crowds that block the aisles of their own show, and by their smiling good-nature. That the people are grateful for the annual opportunity of enjoying the society of thoroughbreds is abundantly seen by the tickets that are sold and by the well-ordered throngs that crowd the great Madison Square Garden and fill the promenade which runs just below the front row of private boxes.

This front row of boxes is called "Millionaire Row," It is taken by the people who live in "Millionaireville"—that region of palaces in the neighborhood of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street. Each seat in the box is worth the price of a year's rent in a Harlem flat; and the cost of the box, itself, would hire the whole flathouse—that is to say, some of them. This year the price came down a little. It was only about seven hundred dollars against, perhaps, twelve hundred dollars last year. But this was due to various causes quite foreign to the financial condition of the country. It takes much more to the silver lull and our kind of a Senate to affect the wallets of the people who buy Horse Show boxes in Millionaire Row. A pretty story is told of the reason the first pick of the boxes went for only seven hundred dollars. And this is the way the story goes:

When the bidding began all the wealthy men of the town were on hand, and those who could not come sent representatives with orders to spend as much as they pleased. In the background were several ladies, Mrs. Stevens and others, who could not bid, but who were there to nod approval to those who were speaking for them. When the auctioneer began, a man in the crowd spoke up loud and clear for the first box. Somebody "raised" him, and he spoke again and again.

"That is 'Jack' Astor's man," said some one, in a stage whisper. "Let him have the best box."

"Yes, let him have the best box," ran quickly around the assembly. And that is the explanation of the seven hundred dollars. But the point of the story is to show the popularity of young Mr. Astor and how deeply his friends appreciate the efforts he has made for the National Horse Show Association, and how willing they are that he should have the best without paying a fortune for it. Mr. Astor's energy and Mr. Astor's money have been valuable adjuncts to the Horse Show. The people who have the Horse Show in charge—Mr. Hyde and the other good men—are rare diplomats. Although they ride the pony in the literal sense of the word, they do not stick to it in the sense which our Yankee grandparents meant when they wished to indicate lack of energy. Each year sees clever innovations. And this year these innovations are specially interesting. The first and most important of the changes is that the committee have not allowed any second-rate horses to enter. Last year there were many "pets"—horses that were merely high-priced and pretty



and well-beloved of their owners. These were entered to be shown off and for the honor of being Horse Show horses. But this year the entrees were "shut down

upon," in the most genteel way, of course; and the result is the very finest gathering of first-class horses that ever was seen. There are fewer of them, to be sure, not more than eight hundred, against twelve hundred last year. But quality is expected to amply atone for the four hundred extra in quantity. And really, eight hundred horses are as many as any one can gaze upon appreciatively and critically! The horse-owners are delighted with this cut-down plan, and promise wonders in the way of new horses for next year.

Another idea, new with the year in the minds of the committee, is a class in which it will be absolutely necessary for ladies to ride. The arranging of the class was a rare stroke of diplomacy, which was closely followed up by the persuading of the ladies owning fine horses to enter them. And the result is that there are fully thirty lady exhibitors this year, against half a dozen of last year.



What society girls will ride it is not permitted to tell, because it is not pleasant to be publicly advertised, as if one were a circus-rider or a trick performer, when one is only riding one's own pony to show him to advantage. But that pretty girls will mount and away to triumph and blue ribbons you can believe.

The Horse Show management—a cunning management this—has beamed with approval upon fads, certain kinds of fads. This year there is a lady, one of the house of Vanderbilt and the owner of a palace yacht, who has elected to occupy seats just back of the private boxes, instead of a box itself. She has taken many seats for the entire week and will entertain in them as if she were in her own partitioned-off recess. Her reason for doing this is that she can seat more of her friends in this way and can, as it were, have a larger "box" party. Another is that she did not get exactly the box she fancied and preferred this to any other box. Still another bit of gossip has it that the lady—who, by the way, is the most beautiful of the family—does not love to be stared at and is trying in this way to get semi-privacy. While others say that it is merely a fad. Anyway, the Horse Show people have caused it to be known that they approve of the plan. And all who hear of it smile sympathetically and indulgently as befits the movements of so beautiful and so rich a society queen. It is quite the swell thing this year to be "just behind" the box row. If there are other innovations the committee are going to "spring" them upon everybody. And everybody is sure to be pleased, for, by long experience in dealing with the committee, it has come to be regarded as wellnigh infallible where the comfort and pleasure of everybody is concerned.

The ladies who bring horses to the show are from all over the United States. They bring them for exhibition and for prizes, as one would carry a prize pumpkin to State fairs. And the more prizes the beauties get the further are they taken for the next Horse Show. Many of them have just come from Chicago, and are resting from the effects of the long ride East, which, in spite of upholstered stalls and carpeted floors, was a rough one and jolty.



Sides made less glossy by rubbing against hard places are being curried into smoothness; and manes are being coaxed into their old-time beauty. Many, nay most, of the Horse Show horses get more care than a belle and have had more "advantages." They have two attendants; they get gilt-edged food regularly; they are never kept out late nor in the rain; they have traveled much and they are "imported." Many of them understand the whole of the horse vocabulary in three languages. Last year a dear little Russian pony, whose name might have been "Ad," would distinctly respond in horse fashion to all orders in either Russian or English. And his groom said he knew French, also.

The ladies who have horses entered are all excellent horsewomen; and many of them are huntswomen as well. Among the lady exhibitors are the following, many of whom will be recognized as the owners of horse heroes of past years:

Miss Hope Goddard, a very wealthy young society lady of Providence and Newport, brings her imported pony, Lady Derwent, who is the hero of innumerable horse shows—out of doors and in the Garden; and other lady exhibitors are Miss Edna Earl Johnson of Greenwich; Mrs. Foxhall Keene of Bayside, Long Island; Mrs. J. L. Kernochan of Hempstead, Long Island; Mrs. G. Ladenbury of Westbury, Long Island; Miss Eliza Castlemore of Louisville, Ky., who comes North with two horses, harness and saddle; Miss Rose Cotterill of Chatham, N. Y.; Mrs. Mulford Martin of "Belle Haven," Greenwich, Conn., who has a fine saddle horse; Mrs. J. G. Smith Hadden of Hempstead, Long Island, with a hunter; Miss Susa



Stanton of Hillsdale, N. J., with a pony; Mrs. H. C. Allen of Bristol, R. I., also with a pony; Miss Bird of Westbury, with a clever thoroughbred hunter called "Merry Boy"; Miss M. Blackman of Mamaroneck, with a saddle horse; Mrs. M. E. Bosworth of Cleveland, O., with a pair of ponies in harness.

The New York lady exhibitors are: Mrs. T. S. Ormiston, Miss G. Ormiston, Miss F. Ormiston, with ponies and saddle horses; Mrs. R. A. Osborne, with a nice little saddle horse; Miss Fannie Taylor, with a carriage horse; Miss Louisa Bell, with a good little saddle horse; Mrs. A. R. Randolph, with a saddle horse; Mrs. J. C. Bernard, with a tandem; Miss A. Sala, with a saddle horse; Mrs. Louise Simmons, with a pony; Mrs. E. T. Burt, with a carriage horse; Miss Kate Cary, with both saddle and harness horses; Mrs. Alfred Kane, with horses in harness; Miss Helen Kelly, with a pony, and Mrs. A. Bramhall Gilbert, with her beautiful high-stepping mare, "Bonny Sue."

The very best facilities are this year provided for pampering horseflesh, so that the petted darlings can have all that to which they are accustomed and can enjoy "all the comforts of home." And it is this fact which has hurried the ladies to exhibit their pets more than all the other considerations combined; for were there the slightest question of horsey's comfort or horsey's care, he would never—no, never—be let out of the fold—never! never!

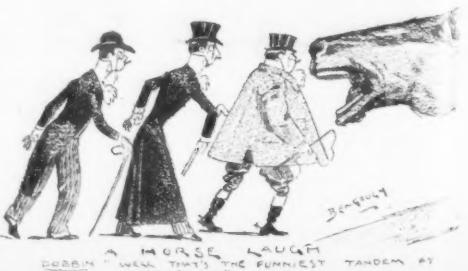
It is really funny to see how the horses seem to understand what is required of them at the exhibit. They seem to know that they must stand their tallest, walk their straightest and carry their heads the prettiest—or they will not get the sugar lump of approval. One tiny pony—he is but ten hands—has been practicing daily with his small owner for a trainer and critic. Daily Miss Frances Ormiston, aged six, the daughter of Thomas Ormiston, has been putting Black Baby through his steps. And Black Baby, proud of his two last year "seconds," has understood.

Miss Hope Goddard trains Lady Derwent, and Mrs. Osborn is said to be not only a fond owner but a skillful one as well.

## BEAUTY'S PART IN THE SHOW.

The part which beauty plays in the Horse Show cannot be estimated. Here there are annual slayings, and hopes raised and wrecked, love aroused and love fanned and love put out—as no one other social function can boast of. Here, at the Horse—no, the Beauty—Show, there are sparks of love kindled in hearts that thought themselves fireproof; and heads gray with the years of past triumphs grow giddy again, and their owners go through the process of "falling in love" once more, long after they have given up suspecting the existence of the possibility. At the Horse Show the girls look their prettiest. And, though no one has said so, there are charms about them that are present at no other social function of the year. And it is these charms which charm to kill. Fancy the brightest eyes shaded by a big hat to give them luster and mystery! Fancy peach-blown complexions enhanced by the shimmer of a delicate lace veil! Fancy lovely forms and lovelier outlines in the most correct of fall gowns of '98! And fancy, best of all, a run of bright conversation from sweet lips that may part with smile and even laugh outright! For at this show, as 'never at any other time in the year, may the belle forget her belle-dom and be a charming girl with a girl's enthusiasm and a girl's laugh. Boarding-school training is forgotten, ladylike repose cast to the winds of Madison Square. And from the time when Miss Belle or Miss Debutante enters the charmed arena she is just a girl again, privileged to admire and enjoy with all a girl's enthusiasm. It is this glimpse of realism which throws the cynical bachelor off his guard and completely captures hearts not fortified against themselves. The Horse Show, being now so well established, has come to mean something specific to many. To the boy it means a dream of the days when he will grow up and own such noble beasts; maybe—rare luck!—have the privilege of taking care of them in their stalls! To the girl it means a treat of beautiful things to gaze upon and a dream of future days in a box with gallants and bouquets. To the society girl it means new triumphs—of heart and field. And to the beau it means that he will die again of love, but mayhap find a kind glance whence he would have it. But to all the Horse Show means much pleasure—a triumph to New York enterprise, New York management and New York democracy.

AUGUSTA PRESCOTT.





## SUCCESS AS AN INTOXICANT.

No. 16.

It was, I believe, after winning the great fame which resulted from his novel, "The Scarlet Letter," that Nathaniel Hawthorne spoke of success as making a man very modest. This exceptional genius may have so desired, but surely it was with reference to his own large self rather than the common herd of his fellow-mortals. For how few of us, having once gained success, know how to wear it gracefully! Through all grades and aspects of life runs the same failure to drink this heady wine without showing a trace of inebriety. Women are specially weak here, often as in other ways they may surprise us by their strength. Some sensible young wife, for example, has been loving her lord and rearing his children on an income of fairly comfortable scope. She has her small circle of intimates, her limited yet agreeable visiting-list. Suddenly (as it so often happens in this town of abrupt financial betterments) her husband becomes prosperous. In a few months she has developed a wholly new train of social ideas. Discontent and ambition have marked her for their own. She recklessly wounds those whom a brief while ago it was her pleasure to conciliate. Unless she is hopelessly vulgar she does not drop her old friends, but in seeking new and more advantageous ones she discloses an indifference which often stings like the barbed point of insult itself. "She somehow isn't half as nice as she used to be," gently comments the first hurt observer. . . . "She's putting on the most palpable airs," more truly states a second. . . . "She's altogether intolerable nowadays," angrily asserts a third. . . . And with unrelieved indignation a fourth affirms: "I declare, I'm so sick of hearing about her new butler and her children's new French nurse, and her new bosom friend, Mrs. Vandervoort Amsterdam, and all the other smart novelties which she babbles of, that I heartily wish she'd never darken my own poor old doors again!"

For years young Matilda has been the joy of her home and the idol of her schoolmates. "Just too sweet for anything," was murmured about her by many a pair of blooming lips long before she went timidly forth from the realms of Bread-and-Butterdom into those of exclusiveness and caste. Nobody ever thought that Matilda would be a wall-flower, but it nevertheless proved a little surprising that she should lead the *cotillon* at her third ball with young Leander Lexington, who would make any *debutante* the adored of Dudedom by talking with her five minutes. Nevertheless it has so come to pass that stars have fallen into Matilda's lap. And how does she bear the brilliance of that fierce light which beats upon a genuine society belle? With becoming equanimity and self-repression? Not in the least. She is so radically altered, so glibly stiff-necked, so garmented in dainty arrogance, so full of little supercilious languors and condescensions, that whenever she moves among the Lucys and Fannies and Lils of her previous acquaintance she leaves behind her a piteous trail of wonder and regret. Success has spoiled her; it is like a weightsome crown that disfigures her fair, sweet brows instead of picturesquely adorning them. All her gay, native spontaneity has wilted like a plucked wild-rose. Her cordial smile has an icy, irritating mechanism, and the cadence of her once ebullient laugh is now muffled and deadened, like the tinkle that steals from a frost-bound brook.

When success overtakes men, the transition is not so startling. Men who swiftly rise in the world cannot afford to patronize former acquaintances with quite so bold a front. But they do so in subtler and none the less hurtful ways. Brown will stroll into his club, of an evening, now that he has become an incipient nabob, and give to Smith a very pleasant nod, but no more. Beside the chair of potent Mr. Madison Manhattan, however, he will pause with a little affable ducking of the back and an evident aim to be conversational. Smith marks the difference, and understands. Only yesterday, as it were, the majesty of Mr. Manhattan inspired but a distant sort of respect. Jones is on more familiar terms with the big club dignitaries now. And when his old friend, Smith, waylays him and tries to buttonhole him for a chat, he is amiably itself—oh, of course, yes!—but somehow he manages to slip off in no time. A few minutes later Smith sees him laughing in one of the club corners with some railroad rajah, or some oligarch in oil. He gnaws his beard, and remembers that it was he himself who proposed Jones at this very club and got him into it after considerable energetic pushing. And soon Bates and Gates, and Briggs and Driggs, and several lesser luminaries of the organization, begin to murmur, in his hearing, over their nocturnal whiskies-and-soda, that Jones is turning out the worst sort of truckler and toady. But Jones never hears a hint of these complimentary decisions concerning him, and goes along making himself covertly abominated because of his success where for the same reason he might have tightened ancient ties of friendship and esteem.

Literary men are seldom like the illustrious Hawthorne. Success is apt to teach them anything but modesty. Notable exceptions to this rule, here in our own land, were Longfellow and Whittier. Of how approachable the former liked to render himself I have already spoken. Of the latter one might say that he not only shone with roses the path of the autograph-fieid, but that his matchless amiability would have made it easy for him to address as "Dear friend," in balmy Quakerish speechlessness, some person who had written to inquire of him whether or no he was in the habit of chewing tobacco. Mr. Holmes is another author whom success has never

## ONCE A WEEK.

clothed in any stiff buckram of pride. Though he may have torn up troublesome letters, he has always recollected that courtesy in the author is courtesy in the man, and that if the author be not a gentleman his close relations to the man become still the more discernible. With all his delightful gifts, both mental and social, the late James Russell Lowell was, on the other hand, hardened if not also soured by success. I know of a literary man, decidedly his junior, yet in no sense obscure, who learned that Lowell had expressed admiration for one of his poems, published in the *Atlantic Monthly*. He wrote a frank and very respectful letter to the author of the "Biglow Papers," thanking him for the kindly verdict just heard from so valued an authority, and disclosing both a desire and intention to write an appreciative and critical review of all his poetic work. The letter was at once so unassuming, so grateful and so replete with homage of the sincerest kind that even if it had not come from a well-known and somewhat distinguished writer Lowell must have shown cruelty in ignoring it. But he chose such a course, and it is true of this eminent poet and engaging man-of-the-world that he frequently behaved to others with the same deplorable rudeness. His long diplomatic residence in London caused him to leave it regretted by many warm and eulogizing friends. But Lowell's friends were all persons of mark, like himself. He, who could have stooped so becomingly, never willed to stoop at all.

People of importance chiefly interested him, and for these he had the art, I am told, of revealing a phenomenal wit, a wide and unique culture, a personality altogether captivating. But he possessed no charitable amenities, and not a few of the fellow-beings whom chance placed in a position inferior to his own remember him with bitterness, if not actual enmity. He is a striking example of the man whom fortune loads with many favors and yet fails to invest with the boon of knowing how properly to dispense them. He bore his success ill, and has tainted with the charge of snobbishness a memory which he might have made in all respects high and fine.

Success, at its brightest, means only a brief banquet where one sits for a few fleeting hours. Though the wines there be aromatic and the viands exquisite, in a little while guest after guest pushes back his chair and goes away—none can guess whither. How much better, while the lights blaze and the fruits gleam ruddy or purple, to keep one's lips curled well back in a smile whence joyful words may pass with easy speed! For soon all the festive air has a trick of turning dim, and we glance down at our menu to find *memento mori* writ there, in place of *Su-preme de Volaille* and *Chatcœu Larose*!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

## HAWEIS ON TENNYSON.

EV. H. R. HAWEIS of London has just returned to New York from a visit to Chicago and the World's Fair, on which trip he was accompanied by his daughter, an interesting young lady of twenty. He has taken occasion to preach, occasionally, while in this country, and to lecture, as he did also when he was here in 1885. On Monday Oct. 30, he gave his lecture on "Tennyson," at Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, which many people from the city attended. Mr. Haweis had met Tennyson many times, having had his first introduction to him when he—the minister and lecturer *futurus esse*—was a schoolboy on the Isle of Wight. On one occasion Tennyson, accompanied by his son Hallam, entered Mr. Haweis's church, in London, which resulted in a singular incident. The church was the one Hallam, the historian, and his son Arthur, the subject of "In Memoriam," had attended; and by a singular coincidence, which was not arranged or thought of, the usher took the poet and his son directly into the Hallam pew.

Mr. Haweis, who is favored with a more than ordinary verbal memory, so turned the drift of his sermon on this occasion as to make possible an effective and happy quotation from "In Memoriam." Tennyson greatly disliked the curious attention the public was sure to bestow on him whenever he came in sight, and access to his house was hedged about with great difficulties, the waiting-girl at the door being trained to act the Cerberus, and playing out, too, an agnostic state of mind as to whether Tennyson was "in" or not—though very definite always in the assertion that, if he was "in," he would see no one. When Mr. Haweis, as a boy, first ran this barricade of servant-girl and separate members of the family who served as buffers against social attack, Tennyson at last came downstairs in a dragged way, "with hair all about the place, in unshaven roughness, and shabbily dressed." Mr. Haweis said to the poet, who took his hand surly: "I now fulfill the dream of my life. I have long desired to take you by the hand and to see the author of the most matchless poems of the age."

To this salutation of kindly, youthful enthusiasm the poet did not thaw out, or warm up, even. His voice was gruff; and then, after a perfunctory response, he picked up a card that had been lately left by some person living on the Isle of Wight and asked:

"Do you know this man?"

Mr. Haweis confessed that he did and that he and his family were "fine people." Getting impatient at this point, and perhaps sorry that the people he inquired about were not the reverse of "fine," he said:

"Well, you have seen me. Good-by." And he slipped away into retirement.

Mr. Haweis seemed, on the whole, to prefer hurrying the personal reminiscence part of his lecture, and did so, to discuss Tennyson's place in literature. He defined poetry first, giving John Stuart Mill's definition of it as the best and said "when Mill dropped a definition of anything it was a good thing to pick it up." Mill said:

"Poetry is thought evolved by emotion, expressed in meter, and overheard." In other words, it is the voice of the Oversoul speaking within the requirements of meter and emotion, and, usually, with rhyme. Great poets sum up for us the age in which they live. The whole Elizabethan era is summed up in Shakespeare, the Cromwellian age in Milton; the eighteenth century in Pope and Dryden, and our own century in Tennyson. Literary men Mr. Haweis considered the most precious possession of any nation, and the poets are the kings and leaders in literature.

Consider what it is to be the voice of an age. In an earlier day than this it was much; but, in the blazing close of this nineteenth century, to take up all the long and brilliant results of science, the agitations of faith and economical unrest, and voice them as Tennyson has done, is something marvelous. We have had in this country (a few of whom survive) other great poets; Browning and Swinburne as examples in England—Browning, deep, subtle, a great thinker, and Swinburne a miracle of melody, but not a contributor to thought. You have had in America Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, Whittier—and Holmes still left—all great. In France there was Victor Hugo; and, among others Alfred de Musset—the last, the Tennyson, in fact, of France. But great as all these and some of the others are, Tennyson, it must be conceded, leads them all in largeness of scope, thoroughness of equipment and supremacy of tone. He is the real incarnation of the time—the great poet of this age.

Mr. Haweis spoke for nearly two hours. His recitations from Tennyson are profuse and masterly. He is the actor and humorist—not unlike Irving in his acting.

He has a mobile face, and can look in an instant a whole paragraph of meaning. He is a trifle lame, necessitating the use of a cane; but he ambles incessantly all over the stage, falls at an angle backward against his desk, pushes his chair in front of him and tosses his stool along with foot or cane. But all these motions and gestures, looking so careless, and even awkward, until the point comes, are as studied as Irving's motions on the stage.

Mr. Haweis's full name is Hugh Reginald Haweis, the initials thereof, H. R. H., having a princely flavor. He was born at Egham, Surrey, in 1838; was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and I believe his latest incumbency is that of St. James's, Marylebone. His interest in Garibaldi caused him to be present at the siege of Capua, where he met with several narrow escapes. His books are various, and are usually titled alliteratively. Besides his contributions to Garibaldi's history, he has written "Music and Morals," "Thoughts for the Times," "Speech in Season," "Current Coin," "Arrows in the Air," "Winged Words," "American Humorists" and a few others.

JOEL BENTON.

## A FAIR AFFAIR.

On the spirit of peace has fled in dismay  
And my heart is o'erweighted with care,  
For life doesn't move in a sensible way  
Since Ethel came back from the Fair.

Accursed be the day when that city of white  
Allured her its pleasures to share;  
I'm worried by day and distracted at night  
Since Ethel came back from the Fair.

I used to consider her sensible quite,  
Endowed with a reason that's rare;  
But all my illusions have been put to flight  
Since Ethel came back from the Fair.

She sticks up her nose at our comfortable flat—  
"It has such an American air."  
So I've had instructions for remedying that  
Since Ethel came back from the Fair.

The place I've refurbished to please her fond wish—  
There's a Turkish, Dutch, Chinese room there,  
And I'm served every meal with some outlandish dish  
Since Ethel came back from the Fair.

There's Golash for breakfast, on Kababs we dine,  
And other in-delicacies rare;  
Oh, I feel that I'm going into a decline  
Since Ethel came back from the Fair.

She regrets that I'm not picturesque in my dress—  
Like a Bedouin chief she saw there—  
And I am a misfit in the house, I confess,  
Since Ethel came back from the Fair.

She's enamored with everything foreign and strange,  
The old way of living seems bare,  
While I feel I shall die if there isn't a change,  
Since Ethel came back from the Fair.

Why didn't she skip with that Bedouin chief—  
I feel now I shouldn't much care—  
For I've lost my real wife, I confess, to my grief,  
Since Ethel came back from the Fair.

—ERNEST DE LANCEY PIERSON.

JEAN INGELOW, the popular English poetess, and who is almost equally well known and liked on this side of the water, is extremely charitable. One of her good works is to give dinners three times a week to twelve poor persons freshly discharged from the hospitals of London.

BANK PRESIDENT—"We need a trustworthy man, but the applicant outside has no credentials."

CASHIER—"He carries an umbrella with his own name marked on it."

PRESIDENT—"Unheard-of honesty; hire him."

## Hard Times Made Easy.

MILLIONS of Tobacco users are puffing and spitting, money and their vitality away. It can be easily, quickly, permanently stopped by using *No-To-Bac*, guaranteed cure for tobacco habit in every form. 100,000 cured last year. Sold by druggists. Booklet mailed free—called: "Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away." Tobacco users should read it. Address, The Sterling Remedy Co., Box 1273, Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind. Chicago office, 45 Randolph Street.

## THE HORSE SHOW.

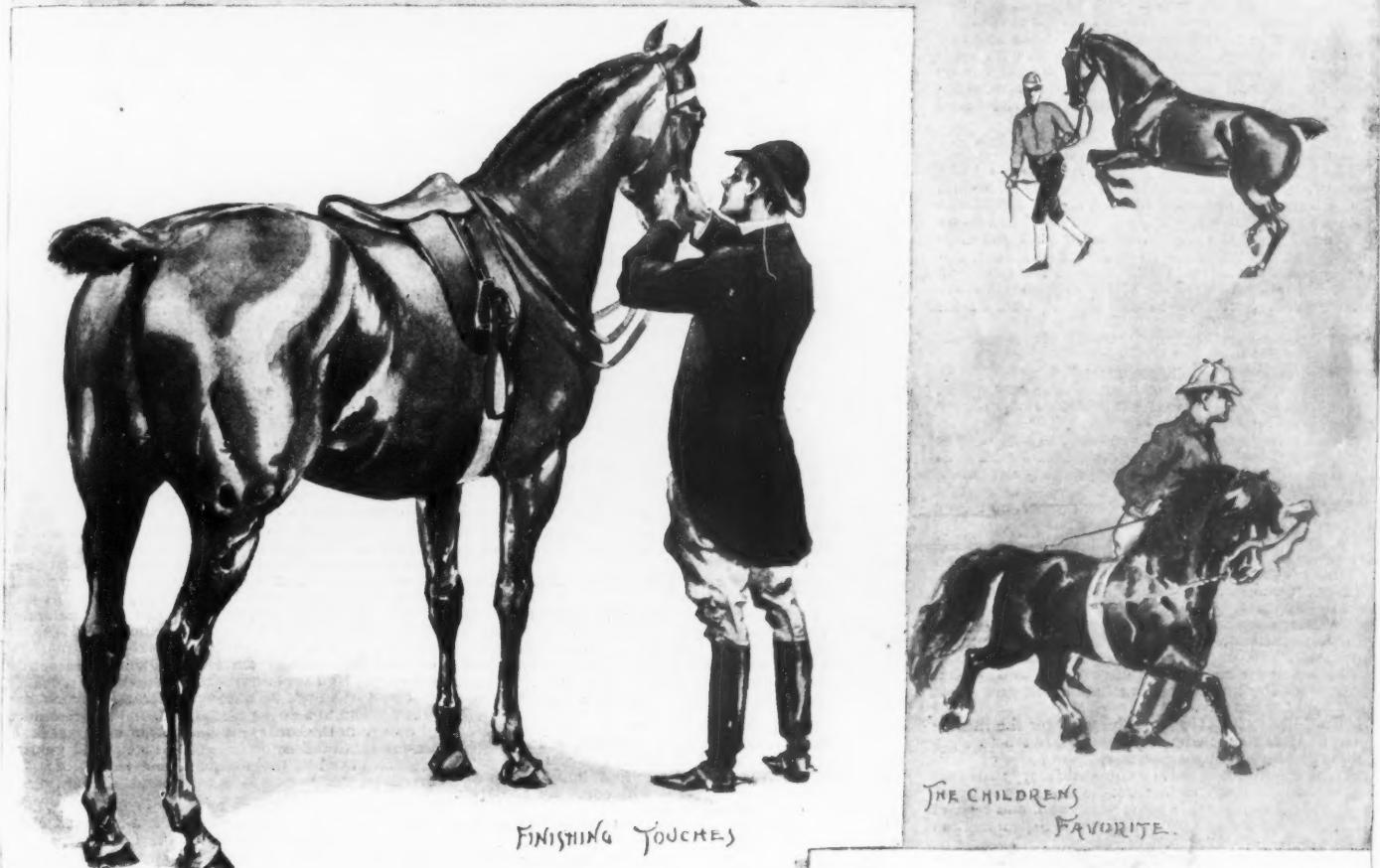


THE BEAUTIES AND THE BEASTS AT THE EQUINE SHOW.  
(Specially drawn for ONCE A WEEK by G. W. PETERS.)

ONCE A WEEK.

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## THE HORSE SHOW.



EVERY-DAY SCENES OF HORSE, RIDER AND DRIVER.



# A ROMANCE OF THE HORSE SHOW

BY T.B.

## CHAPTER I.

T was at the Horse Show of 1890, at Madison Square Garden, which, as usual, was crowded with the beauty and wealth of the metropolis. Mrs. Gertrude Laidlin was in her box with her beautiful niece, Miss Gertie Diston, watching the exciting sport of the high-jumpers. Miss Gertie's attention was fixed on the noble animals and their handsome gentlemen riders, when her aunt's voice summoned her to look around:

"Gertie, this is Captain Charles Carr. My niece, Miss Diston, Captain Carr."

The young lady found herself suddenly face to face with what? A vision! A ghost! Was she dreaming? For this face looking into hers is so like that other face she knew so well, three years ago; the same dark eyes and close-cut fair hair, only this face is older, graver, sterner-looking. Seeing it brings the past all back, and with a start she remembers it was in this identical spot at the Horse Show she had first seen that other face, too, that of the man to whom she, then a simple girl of eighteen, gave all her love and trust, worshiping him blindly, as her ideal of all that was grand and unselfish, till one day he told her that though he loved her, and her only, he was too poor to marry for love; that he would not spoil her life waiting for him. And in a few short days he was engaged to a rich widow, with lands and houses all ready to lay at his feet. Miss Gertie recovered herself with an effort as her aunt remarked: "Shall we stroll round?" and, moving on, she found Captain Carr speaking to her.

"How good the jumping is to-day, Miss Diston," he said, in the very voice of that other one.

"Who can he be—I know Arnold Hutchinson had a brother in Mexico, but this man's name is Carr, and all this time I have not opened my lips to him," Miss Gertie said to herself. Then she rallied, and chattered gayly about the dresses, the horses, anything; all the time conscious her companion was studying her face, not rudely or openly, but intently; it made her quite uncomfortable, and looking at him now and then she caught a grave, inquiring, almost pitying look in the deep-set, dark eyes.

"Have you ever been in Mexico?" she asked, abruptly.

"Yes; I have only just come home."

"Were you there three years ago?" she asks again, and almost fancied he colored faintly under his bronzed complexion as he answered:

"Yes, it is five years since I went out; it is good to be back in New York again; five years since I have been to the Horse Show; what improvements they have made in that time!"

"Yes, I have not been here for two years, and even since then it is altered; the pavilion is new."

"Oh, look! that was beautifully jumped."

"Yes, that's a game little hunter, and well steered, too—deserves the prize, 'pon my word."

Wherever she went that afternoon Captain Carr was close to her elbow, bent on being friendly; and, somehow or other, almost against her will, she found herself responding—there was something so sunny and winning about him.

"I hope you are coming to-morrow," he said, with a strange, wistful, almost pleading look in the gray eyes as they part for the day.

In the hurry of driving and dressing for the theatre she had no time to ask who he might be, but before going to bed Cousin Jenny explained:

"My dear child, it is quite a romantic story; his real name is Gordon Hutchinson; but he saved an old gentleman's life out in Mexico some years ago, and he died the other day, leaving Captain Carr all his money, on condition he took his name."

How thankful Miss Gertie is that her cousins did not know of her engagement, for her face burns as she turns away to hide it under pretense of brushing her hair. How glad she is that they never knew what an easy conquest the love-cynical man of the world had over the unsophisticated little schoolgirl, only to throw her over when some one richer, more eligible, came in his way.

"So I have been talking ignorantly all the afternoon with the brother of the very man who treated me so cruelly. How dare he speak to me; how dare he get introduced to me; he must have known all the time who I was. I know he has seen my photograph; did I not give it to Arnold to send to him? and, besides, he knew my name, so he even presumed to pity me. Well, I will show him to-morrow how very little I need it—but I will show him, too, I have found him out, as he must have known I should, and don't wish to have anything more to do with him. One brother must be like another, and I want to forget the past."

Such were the young lady's private reflections as she retired to her bed that night to sleep—and dream of that pair of dark eyes and fair hair.

## CHAPTER II.

But we must let Miss Gertie tell the rest of the story of the Horse Show romance in her own way, as we find it recorded in her diary. Here it is:

"Next day dawns bright and sunny, and we feel we may safely don our daintiest and freshest dresses.

"We drive down to Madison Square Garden, and as we wend our way toward our box I see the broad shoulders and gray tweed back of Captain Carr towering above his fellows. He does not see us, and as we pass on I think, perhaps, after all, in this dense crowd, we may not meet again, and I need not bother my head about him. We are a merry party ourselves. My two cousins are among the prettiest girls in New York, and one of them is engaged to an army officer, one Major Tipping, and is to be married very soon. She is so very fair and radiant-looking I could find it in my heart to envy her happiness, my life seems so cold and gray just now."

"Well met, Miss Diston," a merry voice says.

"I bow distantly, frigidly, and I can't help noticing the pained look in the dark, sunburned face as I turn away and talk to my cousins."

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"Presently he tries again, but I answer in monosyllables or pretend not to hear, as I talk gayly to my cousins, and laugh as though I had not a care in the world, giving Mr. Crosbie, a rich Chicago broker, who, I know, my aunt fondly expects to make me his wife one day, so much encouragement that he flushes up to the roots of his sandy hair with surprise and delight. Well, I don't care, anyhow; Captain Carr shan't think his brother's conduct broke my heart.

"It is not till we are on our way out that I find myself near him again.

"So you have found out who I am, and the sins of one brother are to be visited on the other; rather hard on the other brother, is it not?" he says, softly. "Well, I hoped we might make friends before you found out. No chance now, I suppose?"

"Not the least," I say, coldly; "I don't see how we could, and we are not likely to meet again after the show."

"I am going to ride my own horse to-morrow; you might wish me good luck, anyhow, won't you?" he asks, coaxingly.

"I don't see how my wishing it can have anything at all to do with it," I say, sharply, annoyed at his persistence; "and in any case, I am going to back Mr. Crosbie's horse."

"I beg your pardon," he says, gravely, as he takes off his hat and turns away.

"Thursday finds us again at the Horse Show, and as the horses come out, in spite of myself, I find I am watching the beautiful gray hunter so cleverly ridden by the figure in dark gray that I recognized even before the jumping began.

"There are twelve riders on as many noble steeds at the start, but ten of them drop out on account of shying or balking or stumbling before the second round of the ring. Only two are left—the gray hunter mounted by Captain Carr and a jet-black horse bearing Mr. Crosbie. Around them go close together. The captain is riding beautifully, but his horse is more difficult to manage than the other. But he takes all the jumps famously, until they come to the high jump, six feet. Both horses are almost abreast, running furiously toward the bars, Crosbie a little ahead, when—oh! how my heart beat and how cold I felt as I saw Crosbie's horse balk, turning suddenly and colliding with Captain Carr's gray hunter. Crosbie fell from his saddle, and the shock made Captain Carr's horse stagger, then rear up as if he would fall back and crush the life out of his rider. But no. Captain Carr quickly mastered the animal, amid a deafening shout of applause. He turned, rode back a slumped yards, turned again, put spurs into the gray's side, and off for the jump. Hector seemed to rise a foot above the rail and sweep over it like a flash. Captain Carr won, of course, and rode proudly once around the ring, the immense throng of spectators cheering wildly.

"He comes up to us afterward so honestly full of pride and delight at his horse winning that I can't help saying: 'I am glad, too; your horse is a beauty, and deserves the prize.'

"There is such a glad look of surprise and triumph in the gray eyes that I turn resolutely away and refuse to speak to him again till he says good-by. Even then he tries once more.

"Don't you think we might bury the hatchet now, Miss Diston?" he says, softly.

"Can't you understand? I want to forget that hateful time?" I say, really angry. Why will he persist in trying to force me to be friends? He must see I don't want to be. I have shown it plainly enough, at any rate.

"Well, we are not likely to meet again now. We are going to West Point to-morrow to stay a week or two.

## CHAPTER III.

"It is midday, and we have breakfasted late after a dance last night at Aunt Gertrude's cottage at West Point. We are all rather lazy and lounging about, wondering what new arrivals will come by the train from New York, now nearly due.

"It is ten days since the Horse Show, and I have not seen or heard of Captain Carr since—'my shadow,' as my cousins persist in calling him, much to my annoyance, though really it is no wonder, he stuck to me so all those three days. I am arrayed in a new gown, which aunt says is very becoming. I think so, too, and am secretly admiring it when comes Cousin Tom."

"Hello, Gertie! what a stunning rig, eh?" remarks Tom, staring at me through an imaginary eyeglass. "Is it for my conquest? I tell you fairly it's all no use! My heart is gone long ago."

"If you ever had any, you conceited boy," laughs Jenny; "as if Gert would look at you and 'the shadow' coming up to-day. Now, my dear child, don't pretend you did not array yourself in that particular costume all for his benefit."

"Well, as this is the first I have heard of his coming, I don't quite see what my clothes have to do with him," I answer, gayly.

"Presently we go to the station and see the train steaming in, then numerous figures approaching, and as they come nearer I recognize the broad shoulders and grave, earnest face, and then the sunny smile as he looks up and sees us. It really does seem as though we are fated to meet, no matter where I go. Well, for this one day I don't care. I need not speak to him much; there are so many of us it will be easy to keep out of his way."

"We have had a tennis match, and he is as good a player as he is a rider. Still until just now, when we started for a climb of old Storm King Mountain, I had not spoken three words to him all day. It was then 'the shadow' materialized and forced himself on my private company. Tom and I were teasing each other, as usual, when a brilliant idea came to me, by which I hoped to get rid of Captain Carr.

"I say, Tom," I exclaim, suddenly, "I know a short cut; it will save us no end of a walk. Will you trust yourself to my guidance?"

"That I won't," says Tom, politely. "What do you know about this part of the world, my good child?"

"More than you do. Why, how often have I stayed here with the Lloyds when I was a child, and I quite remember there is a path down there to the right which will save us a good walk, and if you won't come I am going alone."

"I'll come, Miss Diston; I believe in short cuts," says Captain Carr.

"I can't draw back now, but I lay my hand on Tom's arm beseechingly. 'You are coming, too; it is ever so much shorter than that other way.'

"But Tom basely deserts me, and he actually wins, as he says:

"My dear child, in this case I feel convinced that the longest way round is the shortest way home, after all. Adieu; don't keep dinner waiting longer than you can help," and he follows the others, now fast disappearing from view.

"Captain Carr is waiting politely. Well, anyhow, as we must walk together now we may as well go the short cut, and I lead the way to where a little narrow path winds like a ribbon among the rocks and jagged points covered with stunted bushes and sparse patches of grass.

"Captain Carr is in the wildest spirits, and we wend our way merrily along, till suddenly, the path comes to an end at the top of a rather dizzy point. I am nonplussed, but I am not going to let my companion see it. I walk quietly on.

"You are sure you know the way?" he says.

"Of course," I answer; "I have been here dozens of times before; we go down here and get on to a path lower down."

"I don't think that can be right," he says, doubtfully; "this grass seems very slippery. Shall we go back?"

"What nonsense, I know I am right; if you are afraid, I'll go alone," I say, scornfully.

## SUBTLETY OF MADNESS.

LEGAL friend of mine, whom I will call Wilson, told me this:

It was about the time that the President issued the summons for an extra session of Congress to pass the Silver Repeal Bill. Having done this, he went down to his sea-side place at Buzzard's Bay for a rest. Some of the newspapers commented unfavorably on his absence from Washington at such a juncture. There was a great deal of excitement and suspense over the result of the session. The opinion was often expressed that, should it pass, the President would bear most of the responsibility, for good or ill. He was an autocrat, and the Senate feared to disobey him. According to some, we were within measurable distance of a dictatorship. One always bears such extravagances at such times.

I do a good deal of business for women clients, who consult me sometimes about questions of property or investment, sometimes about their domestic relations, and sometimes on other matters. One morning the office-boy brought me a card bearing a name which was new to me. I was just preparing to close my desk and go to lunch, and I sent out word that she should call in the afternoon. But the boy brought back word that her business was very urgent, and that she would not detain me long. So I said: "Let her come in."

She turned out to be a very attractive woman. She was dressed in a dove-colored suit, and she reminded me of a dove in the soft expression of her eyes, and a sort of tender feminine smoothness and nice and gentleness. Her manner had the unmistakable stamp of the best breeding. She was a lady to the ends of her fingers.

When she was seated near my desk, facing the window, she looked at me earnestly for a moment, and then asked me if I were a married man? I was surprised; and when I told her that I was still a bachelor a faint expression of disappointment passed over her delicate face. "If you had been a father," she said, in her soft, beautifully modulated voice, "you could have better understood my feelings and my anxiety. I have lost my boy."

I expressed my regret at the news.

"Oh, I don't mean that he is dead—at least, I have no reason to think that," she made haste to rejoin. "I mean he's lost—I don't know where he is. He went away four days ago; and he is my only child; and I am a widow, and quite alone."

In reply to my questions, she explained that her son was a youth of seventeen—which surprised me again, for she herself looked scarce thirty—and that it was the aspiration of his life to get into West Point. She had made application for an appointment for him, based upon the fact that her late husband had been in the army as an officer of volunteers; but, no doubt because she had not been able to obtain political endorsement, the appeal had received no attention beyond a note from an assistant secretary, which she showed me, stating that it had been put on file. Other letters of hers, urging the matter, and addressed to the President personally, had met with no response. The boy himself had written, with the same result. He had become greatly depressed. He had studied very hard to fit himself for examination, and this, together with his suspense, had made him restless and sleepless. She had feared a fever. He had several times spoken of going to see the President himself and making a personal appeal to him. Then, four days ago, he had left the house about five o'clock, ostensibly to go to the local post-office—they lived in a small town half an hour by rail from New York. She had not seen or heard of him since.

It occurred to me, of course, that he might have gone to Washington. Had he taken any money with him?

She said, no, not so far as she knew. She added that he was a youth of irreproachable habits, and that he had few or no companions of his own age. He had never been away from her before. There had always been more than ordinary affection between them. It was difficult for her to suppose that he could voluntarily have left her in this way without any word of explanation or warning. On the other hand, it was inexplicable that he should have been kidnaped, or even have met with an accident. She had already made all possible

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investigations in their neighborhood, but had found no traces. She admitted that the idea had passed through her mind that he might have intended going to Washington.

"I think that is the most probable solution of the mystery," I said. "Such a boy as you describe him to would not only be mortified by his failure, but he would be stimulated to try his last chance, and would keep it a secret from you, knowing that you would oppose him. But I should have expected he would have written to you. Certainly I should expect he will do so very shortly. But," I added, "it seems to me, madam, that this is a matter for the Detective Bureau to handle. He is not a lawyer's affair."

She replied: "I was recommended to you by—here she mentioned the name of one of my clients, a railroad director. She opened the little morocco hand-satchel she had with her. "I think I have a letter from him here," she said. In searching among its contents she took out a small, ivory-mounted revolver with the remark: "My husband taught me how to use that, and I promised him to carry it when I went alone. No," she added, returning the little weapon to the satchel and closing it, "I have neglected to bring it. But he told me that you were personally acquainted with the President."

This was true. A business matter had been the occasion of my coming in contact with Mr. Cleveland, and had led to some subsequent social intercourse.

"And I had thought," she went on, looking at me with a pathetic intentness, "that you would, perhaps, not refuse me a line of personal introduction to him. If I could see him I might be able to put my request to him in such a way that he would feel a more personal interest in it. My letters, of course, go to the secretaries, and he may never see them."

"But how would that help you to find your son?" I asked.

At that moment the office-boy came in with a telegram. Glancing at it, I saw that it was addressed, in my care, to the lady before me. I handed it to her, in some bewilderment. She received it eagerly, blushing as she did so.

"I owe you an apology," she said: "I took the liberty of telling the telegraph operator in our town to send on any dispatch he might receive for me to this office; I knew of no other place to tell him. I think it must be from my boy. Will you pardon me if I look at it?"

"Pray open it at once," I returned, becoming interested.

She did so, with trembling fingers. As her eyes grasped the contents her face was overspread with a beautiful light of relief and excitement. After a moment she handed it to me with an eloquent look, but without a word.

It was from the boy, sure enough, and said, in substance, that he was safe and well, and that he hoped, within a day or two, "to speak face to face with him and settle it." It was a forwarded message, and bore no date.

"But no doubt it must be from Washington," said she, when I called her attention to this.

"But the President is not in Washington," I replied. "He returned to his sea-place two or three days ago."

"Do you think my boy would know that?" she asked, anxiously.

"He would if he reads the papers."

"Oh, he's a great newspaper reader," said she, smiling again. "He was always blaming me for not caring for them. Then you think he has gone there instead of to Washington?"

"It certainly seems probable," said I, reperusing the telegram. "He seems to know what he is about. This message must have been written last night. I should say he may have been in New Bedford at the time."

"And do you think he will see the President to-day?"

"That is more than I can say," I replied, deprecating her eager emotion. "The President might be out fishing; and, at any rate, he is not easily accessible to unknown visitors. He wants rest; and, besides, this is a season for cranks, you know, and extra precautions have to be taken to protect him."

"But surely they wouldn't take my boy for a crank!" she faltered, in consternation. "Oh, that would be terrible! Would they put him in prison? Oh, what shall I do? Would it be possible to telegraph to the President that my boy means him no harm? Can't you advise me, sir?—won't you help me?"

She had risen to her feet in her agitation, and was pink and pale by turns. Bachelor though I was, I sympathized with her mother's heart, and did my best to comfort her.

I assured her that there was no danger. The worst that could happen was that the boy would be refused an audience; that was the likeliest event, also. "Meanwhile," I said, "I should, if I were you, take an east-bound train this afternoon and run down to the scene of operations. You will, no doubt, be in season to catch your son on his way back. It is evident he must have taken some money with him, but possibly not enough to pay his fare home again. Besides, he might hesitate to return unsuccessful. I think I had better give you a personal letter to the President, as you suggested just now, so that your position and his will be accounted for. Mind," I added, as she made an impulsive movement of her hand, "I don't think there's the least probability of your obtaining the appointment; and, anyway, my wishes would carry very little political weight. In fact, I can't be said to know anything about the case. But it will give me pleasure to serve you, and what I shall say to the President will, at any rate, do you no harm."

"It is very, very kind of you," she said, with glistening eyes. "I thank you with all my heart. I wish there were some better way than this to show it."

With the last words she handed to me, timidly, a hundred-dollar bill, which she drew from within her blouse. Of course, I handed it back.

"If this were an ordinary professional matter," I told her, "I should treat you in a professional way. But I have done, and can do, nothing to assist you in the special matter you came to consult me about. In the first place, the boy is practically found already; and secondly, the affair is outside of my province altogether. Let me do you such a trifling social service as a gentleman may do for a lady, and say no more about it. Only,

I shall be glad if you will inform me, either in person or otherwise, of the upshot of your expedition."

She was certainly a lady; she knew how to accept an obligation. She bowed slightly, and sat with her hands resting on her lap, while I wrote a short letter to the President, outlining the situation, and expressing my opinion that the lady was worthy of respect and attention. When I turned to give it to her there were two tears on her cheeks. "I will let you know," was all she said; and then she gave me her hand. I escorted her to the outer door of the office, and she was gone.

Just twenty-four hours later my friend Kingsley, a detective from the Central Office, walked into my room. He smiled, nodded, dropped into a chair, and, plunging a hand into an inside pocket, pulled out a large leather pocketbook. He opened this, took out some papers, and then spoke to this effect:

"I say, old man, how are cranks in your parts? Anybody been dynamited in this building lately? You'll get yourself in a mess, if you ain't careful. Seen anything of any sweet-voiced little woman inquiring the shortest cut to the White House? Oh, I'm getting weary of this world—yes, I am! Folks are getting too good and innocent for me. My occupation's gone, as What's-his-name says. I want to retire from trade—see?"

"Come, Kingsley," said I, "this is my busy day. Out with it!"

"Never seen anybody like that, did you?" he resumed, passing over a small photograph and keeping a quizzical eye on me, while he lighted a cigarette.

It was a portrait of my client of the day before, only in a different costume. In fact, it was a very plain dress, indeed; and her hair was not carefully arranged; but there was no mistaking the likeness.

"Certainly I know her," said I. "She was here yesterday. What about it? Nothing has happened to her, I hope?"

Kingsley, who is a humorist in his way, gave a dry smile. "Unless something does happen to her pretty quick something serious is likely to happen to somebody else; and it looks as if you would be in it, somehow. How would you like another Guiteau case, for instance, with a nice little lady to do the shooting, and Mr. Wilson, lawyer of the Kite Building, to stand sponsor for her?"

"What are you talking about?" I asked, angrily.

"Well, as we'll likely have to take the train from Forty-second Street in about an hour, I'll let you into the racket. What was it she worked off on you, anyway?"

I gave him a succinct account of our interview of the day before. Kingsley listened, shook his head slowly and sighed.

"When a lawyer does start in to make a donkey of himself he does it to the Queen's taste," he remarked. "The other name of your dove-colored lady is Kate Fenwick. She hadn't any husband in any war. She hasn't any son of seventeen who wants to go to West Point. She stole that hundred-dollar bill, and you can make yourself easy that her offering it to you was a dead bluff. But she does want to see the President, and when they meet that little ivory toy revolver of hers is going to do most of the talking. Old man, that woman is plumb crazy; she's the most dangerous crank outside of Bellevue, and the smartest; and she'd be there now, only she got out last week, after boning a couple of hundred cases in the boss's own private drawer. She got herself a new outfit, and a letter to put her all right with you, and there you are. Her little hobby is, that the President has got to die of something else besides old age—see?—and that letter you gave her will just about put her in the way of fixing the thing up to suit her. And that lets me out."

On our way uptown to take the 2 P.M. train, Kingsley entered into numerous details as to the past achievements of the remarkable criminal lunatic of whom we were in pursuit. Her origin was unknown; but her mania had from the first been homicidal, and on one occasion she accomplished her purpose, giving Congressman Peter John Fosdick a wound in the groin with a bulldog pistol from which he died a month later. Her astuteness and subtlety were amazing; she could deceive the very elect; and she had once made her escape from jail, and twice from the asylum. In other respects, her ideas were of the abstract patristic order, and always involved the summary removal of some eminent personage. Apparently, the popular excitement over the Silver Question had found an echo in her brain, and she had made up her mind that there was only one thing to be done to restore public confidence.

"But what about that telegram from her son?" I asked.

"Ask me a harder one," was the reply. "It was easy enough for her to send it herself just before coming here, wasn't it? She don't need to be clever to do that. She's kept me five days on her trail, and that was something! I first got the right scent by that letter your friend gave her to you. But she has a good long start of us, and if my telegram to the folks down East there wasn't in time—why, it was too late, that's all. But she knows me, and though, if they catch her before any harm's done she'll face it out in great shape, you'll see how she'll come down when she sees me! But it'll be a good job if no harm's done, and don't you forget it!"

And yet, such was the charm and simplicity of that woman's aspect and manner, that even then I could hardly credit the evidence that proved her "the most dangerous crank loose."

Now, the end of this thing was quite different from what we expected.

Kingsley had telegraphed from downtown to the police at New Bedford to look out for and hold the person known as Kate Fenwick to the authorities, but calling herself something else. When we arrived at our destination we were met at the station by the local sheriff, who looked grave.

"Is all right about that?" demanded Kingsley.

"We've got the party," replied the sheriff, "but she too, though you didn't say nothing about him."

"Got her boy, have you?" exclaimed Kingsley, staring.

"Well, you've got more than anybody else ever saw, then. That's queer, too! However, it's all in the day's work. Did she cut up rough? Any violence?"

"Not a bit, sir. Very quiet and dignified, and the lady all over. If she's crooked, she's the straightest-

looking and acting that ever I see. Referred me to Mr. Wilson first off, too. As for the boy, he wants to bite somebody's head off. They're no common sort, whatever they be."

"Oh, well, just wait till she sees me," returned Kingsley, with his dry smile. "It's a good job all round that she hadn't presented Mr. Wilson's letter before you pinched her. It would have been all up with His Nibs if she had. It was a grand scheme of hers, but it's blocked, and we're on top—small thanks to some of us!" he added, with a meaning glance at me. "Come on, now, and I'll show you what Kate Fenwick's made of."

We jumped into a cab, which in a few minutes brought us to the police station. Shortly afterward we found ourselves in a small, dingy room, and in the presence of my client. A manly-looking young fellow was with her. They both rose as we entered. It was so dusky that their features were barely discernible.

"Give us a light here, my man," said Kingsley, in cool, confident tone.

Before she could reply the attendant lighted the gas-jet, which threw a glare of light upon her face. As her eyes met mine they brightened with a beautiful smile, and she came forward with her hands outstretched, entirely ignoring the existence of Mr. Kingsley. In a joyful tone she said: "I knew you would come! Now all our troubles are over!"

In the face of all evidence and prudence, I could not help meeting her as cordially as if she were all she seemed to be. Then I looked, rather defiantly, at Kingsley. His expression was very singular.

He had the photograph in his hand, and looked from that to the face of the prisoner. At length he returned it to his pocket and removed his hat.

"Madam," he said, with a grave bow, "I have come to apologize for a very annoying mistake, and to tell you that you are at liberty. You bear a remarkable resemblance to a person that I wish I could lay my hands on at this moment. I hope your affairs will not be seriously put out by this. Gentlemen," he added, turning to us, "the drinks are on me; and if one of you would kindly kick me when we get outside I shall esteem it a great favor."

Yes, a case of mistaken identity—that's all. The real Kate was captured in Washington a week later. I am happy to say that I had the honor of personally presenting my client to the President, and I have reason to think that that boy of hers will be made a soldier, after all. But that is another story, as your friend Kipling says.

No; I am not engaged to be married to the lady. I see her occasionally, and value her acquaintance very highly.

This was Wilson's story.

*Julian Hawthorne*

## IN NOVEMBER.

LOW-LEANING clouds; the wind's mysterious moan  
Haunting the valleys dim; the gleam of frosty rain  
On fields where summer's silver dews have lain,  
And from the uplands bare and woodlands bleak and lone,  
From briery lanes and shadowy orchard path,  
Where drooping lies the pale-gray aftermath,  
In whirling gusts the sodden leaves are blown.

Along the river shore a misty, cloudlike spray  
Creeps white and chill above the sedges tall,  
And like torn banners, dim and cold and gray,  
The dead vines float above the broken wall.  
Sweet, reedlike echoes blend in solemn tone  
Above the wind's low whisper, and the marshy streams

Mirror in dark, fantastic shapes the waving pines  
That bend above; and, as if summer with her tender  
dreams  
Had turned with faltering steps along the lonesome ways  
To leave one gift to brighten coming days,  
Far up among the uplands, where sad breezes moan,  
A single flower in golden beauty shines!

—ADELAIDE D. ROLLSTON.

## THE "NATIONAL CYCLOPEDIA OF BIOGRAPHY."

THE fourth volume of this work has just appeared and may be said to be among the great literary enterprises of the day. It aims to be an American Vaperon and something more, in that it includes the biographies of the living as well as those deceased. The unique feature of this work is, that it groups its biographies around events, institutions, industries, etc. For instance, the presidents of a college are arranged in consecutive order. In like manner the history of each administration is given through the biographies of the Presidents and their Cabinets. So, also, the history of the telegraph is traced through the biographies of Morse, Vail, etc., and the rise and growth of the typewriter is shown through the biographies of its first and subsequent inventors, arranged in order. The great advantage is, that by this method the publication is not deferred, and successive volumes may be issued as fast as material is collected, instead of waiting for its alphabetical place. The index in each volume includes the volumes previously published, so that it in reality is always complete up to the last volume issued, making the set immediately available as fast as it proceeds. Another feature of the Cyclopedie is its portraits, which in most cases are from originals given by the individuals or their families, and are authentic likenesses. There are about twelve hundred in each volume, which promises a portrait gallery unexampled in any country.

## A STAND-OFF.

DR. EMDEE—"If I were better heeled I shouldn't have to ask you for this bill."

BAGLEY—"Guess you'll have to act on the advice: Physician, heel thyself!"

For a clear head and steady nerves  
Take Bromo-Seltzer—trial bottle 10 cts.

## MADAME PATTI.

ADELINA PATTI, the *chère chanteuse* of both hemispheres, is with us once again, judging from the mutual compliments which are in the air, the famous *diva* is no less pleased to visit us than we are to receive her. It may be urged that few people, however well known to fame, would remain coy to an invitation worth five thousand dollars a night; but after all, the inducement, tempting though it may be to the ordinary mammon-worshiper, would hardly suffice to lure the mistress of Craig-y-nos over the ocean unless helped out by some more potent attraction. It is a matter of stage history now that American audiences are not only the most generous but also the most appreciative in the world. Luckily for those who live behind the footlights, we do not need to be "traditionally saturated" in order to know what is good when we hear or see it.

Since her first appearance before a London audience, some thirty odd years ago, Madame Patti has counted time by signal and repeated triumphs. No bird ever flooded the summer air with such "liquid rapture" as the great prima donna pours out over the entranced heads of her listeners. And like a bird, too, she has soared so high on the wings of song that no living rival can ever hope to approach her. Jenny Lind, Tietzen, Christine Nilsson, Albani, all these had their day and their worshipers—the latter has them still—but no one of them could boast a career of such successful duration as Madame Patti's. After all the hard work and wear-and-tear of three decades of years, the Queen of Song, now standing on the verge of old age, still preserves unspoiled the marvelously beautiful, God-given instrument with which she has subjugated the world.

In addition to her peerless accomplishment as a vocalist, Madame Patti is endowed with many charms and graces which by themselves would place her in the front rank of women. She is beautiful, clever, witty, gracious and charitable. Her Welsh mountain home, Craig-y-nos—Rock of the Night—has become a shrine unto her worshipers. It is there she is seen at her best as a woman, wife and hostess. It is there she enjoys the society of the great ones of the earth who come to pay her court. It is there she displays the countless rare and costly treasures that have been lavished on her as gifts by friends and admirers of high degree and low. It is there also she dispenses her charities and plays the part of a good queen among the people of the surrounding district.



MADAME ADELINA PATTI.

Madame Patti has not been spoiled by success. Those who are admitted to the privilege of her friendship cannot sufficiently praise her gracious ways, her simplicity, her thoughtfulness for others. If anything were needed to establish her greatness this testimony supplies the need. The truly great are the truly humble. In order to rule well one must know how to serve. In order to be loved and appreciated one must love and appreciate others. And this Madame Patti does to perfection.

## SHALL WOMEN SMOKE?

In the October number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* two interesting articles appeared, giving the pros and cons on the subject of cigarette-smoking by

women. Lady Colin Campbell, in "A Plea for Tobacco," defends the practice, quoting at length Mr. Cotsford Dick's versified presentation of the argument in "The Sisters of the Cigarette," the first stanza of which runs as follows:

"Now 'tis really quite a shame  
For the sterner sex to blame,  
Without heed,  
All their sisters who 'may find  
Consolation to the mind  
In a weed.'"

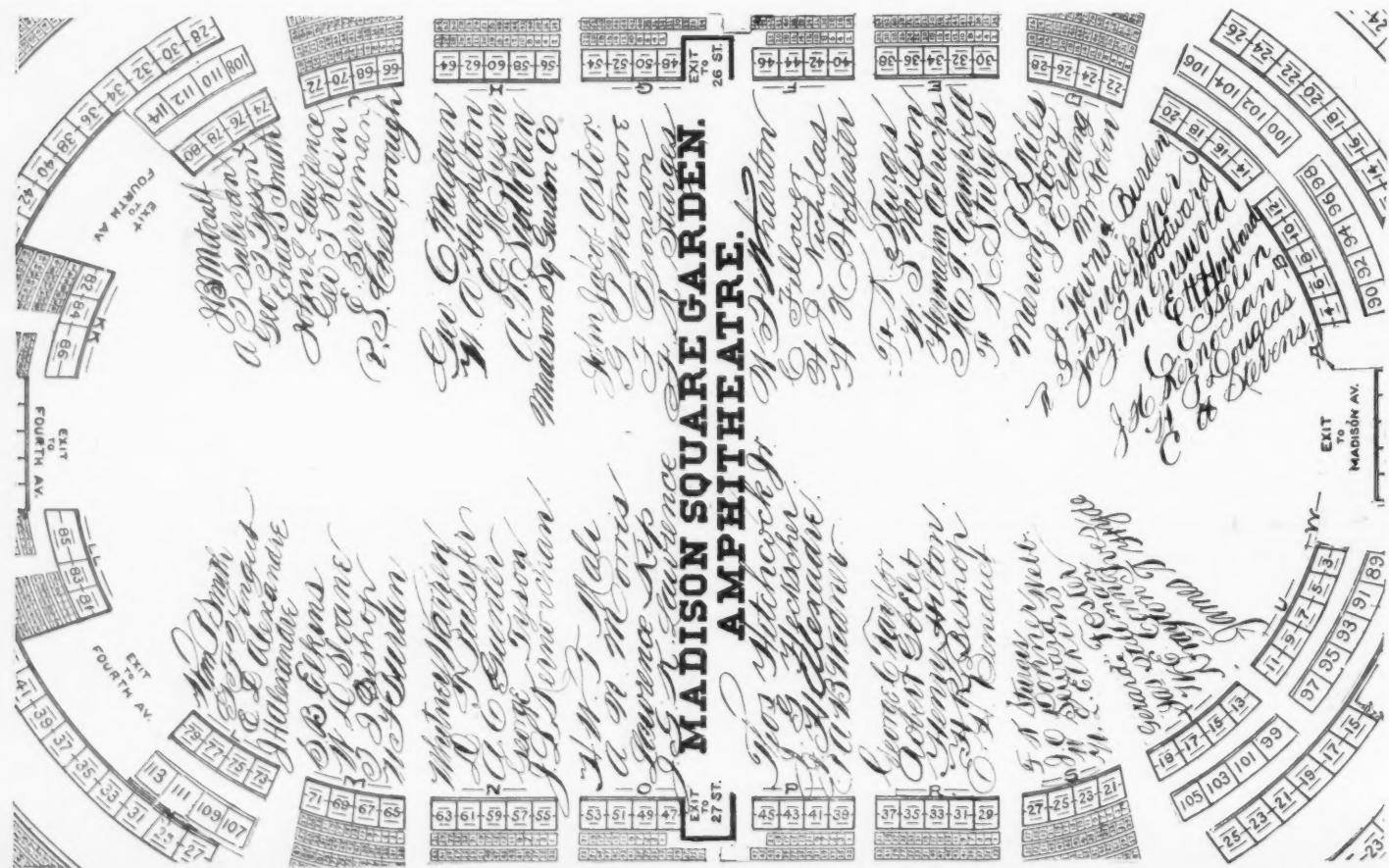
Lady Colin Campbell asserts her belief in the soothing properties of tobacco, and urges that nervous and worried women would find just the desired relief of mind and body in an occasional smoke. Mrs. Lynn Linton enters a vigorous opposition to this pernicious doctrine under the significant heading, "A Counter Blast." When Mrs. Lynn Linton mounts her favorite hobby—the denunciation of her too "progressive" sisters—she always rides straight and hard. In this instance her Counter Blast has fairly blown out her fair rival's cigarette. She scores some very good points in summing up her arguments against the use of the weed. Probably the strongest is this, that in the application of the principles laid down by Lady Colin Campbell no hard-and-fast lines can be drawn. "What the great people do, the little people copy; what the mistress permits to herself, the maid adjusts to her own surroundings, and the irritable nerves for which the plea is made belong just as much to one social stratum as another. . . . Smoking-ladies would inevitably include by time smoking-women of all conditions; and the lookout then would be formidable. . . . In itself it (smoking) is an uncleanly habit; and though in some hands it can be made coquettish, in most it would be repulsive."

May the day be far distant when the woman who smokes will possess the land!

CRANKS at large with shooting irons, registration frauds in every metropolitan voting precinct, the country swarming with unemployed workmen, rings ruling the political roost, the World's Fair closed in gloom, silver demonetized, mills and factories idle and trusted corporation directors running to the leafless woods or fleeing to the undiscovered country—surely the melancholy days have come. But this country does not stay gloomy all year.

HERR VON VOLLMAR, leader of the South German Social Democrats, says that Germany has reached the limit of her financial strength, and that no further increase of the armament is possible.

CERTAINLY our "finest police" have been "traditionally saturated." Look at the Sunday saloons in spite of the pious Parkhurst.



NAMES OF THE OCCUPANTS OF THE PRINCIPAL BOXES AT THE HORSE SHOW.



SOME BEAUTIES OF THE BOXES AT THE HORSE SHOW.

## IN VANITY FAIR.

THE colors which will be most worn during the winter—after black-and-white, which is the *no plus ultra* of good style—are golden and reddish browns, magenta, greens and dark heliotrope. Of these, brown is perhaps the favorite. It has a soft, inviting look, is generally becoming and lends itself readily to combination with other colors. A very good effect is obtained by a judicious mixture of golden brown with dark heliotrope. The other day I saw a natty little turban of golden-brown felt trimmed with velvet of these two colors and having a single brown quill, shading off to dark heliotrope, set jauntily at the side. It was quite pretty and original.

Magenta must be used with discretion. A ormlette may wear it fearlessly, but her blonde sister had better go softly about donning this somewhat crude and trying color. Just a hint of it in a hat or a bodice is generally safe, however.

The present fashions in colors suggest unlimited possibilities in remodeling old gowns. It is wonderful how completely a bit of bright velvet will transform last season's cloth dress into a smart afternoon costume. Moss-green velvet on navy-blue cloth or serge makes a very successful combination. Try it and see. Revers and collar of the velvet, also bands on the sleeves, and narrow folds or rosettes on the skirt will give the necessary touches of color and delight you with the result. Tan and black also blend modishly, and are most becoming colors to fair-haired women. If a bodice be *too passe* for renovation, substitute for it a velvet blouse, which is the latest variation of this popular garment. The lining is fitted to the figure and well boned. The velvet is then draped over it and confined by a gathered belt, the ends of the blouse going under the skirt. Trimmed with cream lace, a colored velvet blouse forms a most desirable addition to one's wardrobe.

Two new models of gowns are shown in the illustration. The first, seen at Lord & Taylor's, has a skirt of black satin over which heavy cream lace pendants are laid. The basque is of cloth of gold covered with lace, and having folds of black lace set carried from the shoulders to the waist. The upper portions of the sleeves are made of a number of narrow black lace net ruffles. The second costume is of tan cloth. The full vest of the cloth is trimmed with silver garnitures, and over it is worn a jacket of mahogany velvet. It was made by Stern Bros. It conveys the impression of quiet elegance, which to many women is the *summum desideratum* in dress.

A most unique gown seen on Fifth Avenue one afternoon this week, and which looked like a fresh Parisian model, was of mixed red and black woolen goods and heavy black silk. Over a foundation skirt of black silk edged with sable the woolen material was gracefully draped, the wearer being tall enough to carry that arrangement with style. The bodice was made with very wide revers faced with black silk and edged with sable. The whole costume had a look of great distinction.

By far the most popular hat of the season is the one with wide up-turned brim cleft in the middle, the points turned upward and backward toward the crown, the intervening space filled with ostrich tips and mignettes. This style of headgear is a

notable departure in millinery. It is very dressy and lends to the most picturesque effects, but is unmistakably trying to a plain face. The slight shade which a projecting hat-brim throws over the face has a wonderfully softening influence on the complexion, greatly minimizing such blemishes as spots and wrinkles. When you turn the brim back from the face you immediately invite closer inspection. If you can defy it—well! if not—woe! Your dearest friend will wonder why you look so plain. Wherefore all ye who have passed

around in undreamed-of bliss, getting pieces of candy here, a drink of something sweet there and a nice little box of something elsewhere, to be taken home and eaten next day when the taste of the sweets has worn off. Later in the evening mamma comes with her friends. She has visited the Flower Show, perhaps, and will take in the Horse Show later. Now she, too, is reveling in sweet things.

The opening day of the show there was a small boy, of the most dreaded small boy order, who stood waiting at the doors of the Lyceum for the time to come for admitting people. For several days he had been hovering around; and when the swing doors were finally thrown back he made a rush for the honor of entering first. And then began his feast! In less than half an



your first youth, or who are the unlucky possessors of crows'-feet and freckles, eschew this perilous novelty and stick to your hat-brims. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Gwendolen Gay.

## NATIONAL CANDY EXPOSITION.

FOR THREE WEEKS NEW YORK CITY IS SWEETENED BY ITS PRESENCE.

A BOX with velvet violets on top, some luscious chocolates within, a snack of chewing-gum, six cough-drops, a stick of licorice, a candy potato, a candy bottle of liquid root beer and the crevices of the box filled with pop-corn, these are the things you get when you go to the Candy Exposition. That is, you get them if you are a lady or have a lady along. But if you are a man, you get only your admission and the permission of the management to forage the room for some of the samples which are given away "fresh every hour."

Lenox Lyceum is beautiful now with flags and bunting and booths made gorgious with colored papers, colored candies, flags of all nations and decorations imaginable only to those who can see them. It has come to a fine pass, indeed, when candy is not sufficiently sweet and attractive to draw folks to see it; but when there must be, in addition, flags and colored displays just like the "Fourth"!

The Candy Exposition had its origin a year ago in the quiet city of Philadelphia. In obedience to the demand of many city manufacturers a candy rally with candy to give away to the public was had; and, as side shows, there were flowers for sale and mineral waters to be drunk. Now the idea of a Candy Exposition is so well established that there is no need to have any feature more attractive than the candy itself. The show is called the National Candy Exposition and is made up of exhibits from all over the world, many of them having just been brought from Chicago where they were part of the big Fair.

As may be expected from so unique an exhibition, there are many strange things to be seen; and many glimpses of life not to be found at any of the other shows now running in New York.

The preponderance of visitors is from the ranks of the children. Schoolboys and girls, kindergarten children, and children too young to go to school at all, are brought here to feast their eyes and their stomachs upon the good things. They are usually brought by "Grandma," who burdens herself with her entire army of grandchildren. And all the afternoon, until far into the evening, they wander

can enjoy a laugh has the privilege of getting it any night at the Lenox Lyceum. Taffy, marshmallows, caramels and fudge-paste are the stumbling-blocks.

To show that there are artists in other trades, as well as in our own, one has only to look at the champion boxmaker as he bends his back to the business of making a box. Without tools, other than his fingers, he will take a stiff piece of pasteboard and fashion a perfect box. If it needs glue he asks only for the glue pot. But if it be of the overlapping sort, he will do it nicely without help from anything or anybody.

There are also cocoanut artists, who will take a cocoanut whole out of the shell and peel off the outside, until the cocoanut is a smooth white ball, too artistically round and even to be eaten. To do this he hammers on the shell until it is cracked all over and is nearly ready to drop off itself.

The caramel-rolling contests are also interesting. Fancy a bevy of pretty girls with pretty hands engaged in wrapping the squares in the finest of oiled tissue paper!

The man who makes the sticks of candy with fancy lettering upon them is a very proud individual, and well he may be. With a crowd of critical spectators before him he will take several strips of hot candy of various colors and fashion a stick with "Love me little, love me long" shining forth in gay lettering. He does it all with his fingers, and you may imagine that these are deft to enable him to do so.

The bonbon booth is placed on show so that people can pick out the kind of bonbon boxes they want to give away for Christmas presents, and can ask for them if the dealer hasn't them.

Every week Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt buys a quantity of these boxes empty and has them filled with candy by her confectioner to give away to her friends, and for her luncheon-table.

It is interesting to know that the candy trade is the only one in which all nations are profitably engaged. In a certain street downtown there is a Syrian engaged in making marshmallows. Within a stone's throw of him there is a Greek making fudge-paste. Across the street there is a Hebrew manufacturing caramels. On the corner is a Frenchman candying fruit. Over him there is an Englishman getting up buttercups; and, near by, is a big American firm turning out penny goods. No one ever knew a candy firm to fail! And as the number and variety of candy factories increase every year, it is fair to assume that people are eating more candy than ever.

A pleasant thing about the Candy Show is that it can all be eaten! Beginning at the booth nearest the door, you might go through the entire floor of the Lyceum, and, if your tooth were sufficiently sweet and enduring, you could leave a clear swath behind you. Nearly everything could be chewed and swallowed; or, at least, sucked to great edification. All that would remain would be a little bunting, a little framework and the aisle known as machinery hall.

The Candy Show closes all too soon. The night of November 25 will see its lights put out for a year. But it is certain that so delightful a show cannot have flourished for three weeks without the world being at least temporarily sweetened by its presence.—(See page 5.)

## NERVOUS DEBILITY

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Cures Others will cure you.

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Overcomes the results of bad eating, Cures Constipation, Restores Complexion, Saves Doctor's Bills. Sample Free. GARFIELD TEA CO., 319 W. 45th St., N.Y.

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## THE FLOWER EXHIBIT.

IS THE GENTLEST AND MOST AESTHETIC OF THE MANY AUTUMN SHOWS OF NEW YORK.

THE gentlest—and perhaps the prettiest, from an aesthetic point of view—of the flower shows now "on" in New York is the Flower Show; or, more properly speaking, the union of the annual Flower Show, the Chrysanthemum Show and the Annual Meeting of the New York Florist Club. Instead of holding these separately, as heretofore, all are now united in one grand Flower Show. And it is this which is attracting the delighted attention of the New York public.

The Industrial Building, where the show is held, lends itself nicely to decorations. Indeed, it is this susceptibility to trimming effects and the way small flowers "show off" which led the management to consent to holding the show uptown instead of at the Garden, where it has always been held.

One of the prettiest things about this very pretty show is the kindergarten exhibit. A year ago all the little ones of Mrs. George Gould's kindergarten were presented with a "plant," and were told to make it grow as well as they could. They must water it, keep it in the sun, put it by the fire on cold days and be as good to "plantie" as possible. Then, if the plant should grow well and bloom, there might, perhaps, be a prize somewhere in view.

That was a year ago, and it is needless to say that the children have tried faithfully to make a little floral exhibit of their own; and they have succeeded so well that their little wing will be one of the most interesting things of the show.

The object has been, of course, to make the plants bloom just for the exhibition; and great has been the anxiety of the children lest they should blossom either too early or too late. One little tot—a tiny girl of not more than four years—presented herself at the building a week ago with a pot of chrysanthemums tightly clasped in her arms. "Will the lady look at these flowers now?" she asked, anxiously, "cause my mudder says dey'll all be born next week?"

Of course "the lady" will take the waywardness of the flowers into consideration, and the industry of the little girl will, no doubt, be awarded by a prize. All of the children have done so well that it has been decided to give each one something by which to remember the occasion.

The judge of all the exhibits not strictly professional, will be Miss Helen Gould, who

## CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it this recipe, In German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using it, by mail, adding, with sum, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 830 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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We observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from Asthma. As before announced, this discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free, by addressing a postal card to the Kola Importing Co., 110 Broadway, New York, who are sending out free trial cases free by mail, to sufferers.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, relieves pain from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cts. a bottle.

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## ONCE A WEEK.

is the owner of the finest orchid collection in the world; and whose country home at Tarrytown has the largest private collection of general plants of any in this country, next to Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt's.

A pretty thing for those who "drop in" a moment to feast upon the plants will be the upper arrangement of the inside of the building. This is fixed in the form of an arbor which extends over the third balcony which runs all around the "Grand Central Palace," as the middle of the building is called. This arbor is thatched with autumn leaves of the brightest color and suggests autumn as no other plants or flowers could do. The idea of this is to make the Flower Show of the fall entirely different from that of the spring.

Another thing—a very cozy one—is the setting aside of small rooms, trimmed with palms and ferns, for the meeting of clubs and "circles" of friends. People who were together at old Newport, or breezy Lenox, or gay Saratoga, can gather in these little clubrooms and have a reunion. They can, moreover, order a delicate luncheon served and can discuss plans for the winter "on neutral ground," as the clubwomen say; or they can bid each other farewell until the winter meeting in Japan, or Egypt, or Rome—while the posies grow sad-eyed at the sight and the palms bear up as well as they can under the circumstances.

The patrons and patronesses to this show, like those of the other shows, are very swell. They include Mrs. Astor, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Henry Clews, Mrs. Arthur Dodge, Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, Mrs. W. Bayard Cutting, Mrs. Frederick Bronson, Mrs. Nicholas Fish, Mrs. Collis, Mrs. Russell, Harrison, Mrs. John Hall, Mrs. Richard Irvin, Jr., Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Mrs. William D. Sloane, Mrs. C. Albert Stevens, Mrs. Paran Stevens, Mrs. Adlai Stevenson, Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt and Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan. Besides these, there are as many more society people, also of what is known as "the first set."

The judges, besides Miss Helen Gould, are Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Nicholas Fish, Mrs. Paran Stevens, Mrs. Russell Sage, Mrs. Robert E. A. Dorr, Mrs. Oliver Summer Teall and half a dozen other excellent judges of plants. All own their own conservatories and know how and when a plant should bloom. They know, too, the depth of a flower and whether its petals and sepals are all that they should be. So there is no doubt that the judging will be done properly.

A dancing parlor is another thing which makes this Flower Show different from former ones. A foyer—the third from the door—is covered with a green network of vines and palm-leaves. On each side there is a thatching of autumn leaves and in odd places there are placed vases of flowers. Electric lights gleam from behind the decorations of this room, and the general effect is like a private ballroom. The floor, too, has been prepared, being highly polished, and here all who are inclined, and who come properly gowned, will be encouraged to dance to the strains of Schwab's orchestra, which is located in the balcony near the private boxes.

None of the private boxes are placed on sale, so that all, from the owners of conservatories to the humblest admirer, can enjoy the luxury of them.

It is a curious thing that this year all the florists have been trying for size instead of fragrance or color. Chrysanthemums have been produced as big around as an individual bread-and-butter plate, and roses so big that you wonder if they are to be sold by the head like cabbages. Violets, though not yet quite in their prime, are as big and as hard as baby chrysanthemums, and lilies are so extravagantly large that they seem bold and not at all modest like lilies.

The part most interesting to "the trade" is that six thousand five hundred dollars is given away in prizes, of which one hundred dollars goes to the best table decoration and two hundred dollars to the best exhibit of palms for decorating a room thirty feet square.

Another nice thing for the florists themselves is the display of flower-pots, terra-cotta vases, fountains, rustic goods and improved garden tools.

Florists who are always looking for new ways to trim private ballrooms are experimenting with the big center room; and it is not improbable the grand balls which come off between Thanksgiving and Easter will owe some of their glory to the good lessons of the present Flower Show. The cost of decorating a private ballroom is about three thousand dollars—Mrs. Whitney always paid just that sum—and the cost of getting up the interior decorations

of the middle flower-room, exclusive of the foyers, is fifteen thousand dollars; so it will be seen that there is ample room for experiment.

Many society ladies go to the Flower Show to get color effects, just as they go to picture galleries to learn how to hang their pictures. At the Flower Show they observe the lights, where and how placed, and they note the color of the glow cast by the different colored flowers as the light falls upon them. Then they are ready to decorate their boudoirs and drawing-rooms artistically. "It is of no use," they say, "to order gowns and new upholstery if we are to be spoilt by discordant flowers and inharmonious lights!"

A great many poor people go, too. And it is almost pathetic to see them, poorly and often thinly clad, wandering through the aisles, and up and down past the prettiest flowers feasting their eyes upon the blooms, and stopping to look again as if they would never get enough. Some of these poor people beg their way in past the doorman, and others give up the necessary funds from a worn little pocket-book which looks as though it could ill afford to spare the money. If appreciation counts for anything these poor people would be excellent judges.

There is another side to the Flower Show—a side which never gets in print and which few people know anything about. It is the outside of the show—the tag end.

On the closing day it is the custom for the exhibitors to give away, or throw away, all plants not valuable enough to pay for transportation home. And so there are several hundreds of potted blooms and greens to be cast out. The poor people learn this with a rapidity which seems like intuition; and on the last day they crowd around the back doors of the building in crowds. As the plants are thrown out they are grabbed quick as thought, and are whisked away under aprons and shawls until there is not a leaf left anywhere. Even the evergreens and the strings of faded similar are taken; and even a whole day after, you will see some ashman drive up to the door, get out of his cart and rummage carefully through the pile of debris to find the remains of a few leaves or—rare luck—a cast-off flower. Two days afterward there is not a vestige of green in sight.

Taking all things into consideration, the Flower Show gives delight to more classes of people than does any other of the many New York shows; for it pleases old and young alike. It is pleasant to all senses, even the most jaded, and it is a source of joy to both rich and poor—to those who visit it at the front entrance alighting from elegant Victorias, and to those who gather on the crumbly afterward—from the back door—(See page 5.)

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THERE is a story of a Quaker maiden, wooed by a suitor not of her own sect, who pressed her to allow him to kiss her, a favor long refused till the impetuous lover cried: "I vow I will do so." "Well, friend," was the quiet response, "now that thou hast vowed, I must allow thee to do so, for it would be a sin to force thee to break thy word."—*Ladies' Treasury.*

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